



MISS CATLEY in the Character of
ROSSETTA in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

THE CATLEY.

Containing all the

SONGS AND AIRS IN THE BEGGARS OPERA,

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| LOVE in a VILLAGE, | THOMAS and SALLY, |
| MAID of the MILL, | ROYAL SHEPHERD, |
| ARTAXERXES, | MIDAS, COMUS, |
| ATHRIDATES, | LIONEL & CLARISSA, |
| DAPHNE & AMINTOR, | The PADLOCK, |
| SUMMER'S TALE, | And CYMON. |

As they are Sung at the THEATRES.

To which are added,

A Number of FAVOURITE SONGS,
LATELY SUNG

At the THEATRES and GARDENS.

B Y

| | |
|---------------|--------------|
| Miss CATLEY, | Mr. LOWE, |
| Miss BRENT, | Mr. RAWORTH, |
| Mrs. VINCENT, | Mr. VERNON, |
| Mr. TENDUCCI, | And OTHERS. |

D U B L I N :

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Castle-street, near the Castle Gate, 1771.





THE
SONGS
OF THE
BEGGARS OPERA.

AIR I. An old woman clothed in grey, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue they call husband and
wife,

All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

AIR II. The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
She tricks us with our money with our hearts:
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fed into our arms.

AIR III. Cold and raw, &c.

If any wench Venus' girdle wear,
 Though she be ever so ugly :
 Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
 And her face look wond'rous smugly,
 Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord,
 (A rope so charming a zone is !)
 The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
 And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful slave disdain'd, &c.

If love the virgin's heart invade,
 How, like a moth, the simple maid
 Still plays about the flame !
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
 She's—what I dare not name.

AIR V. Of all the simple things we do, &c.

A maid is like the golden ore,
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
 Whose worth is never known before
 It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse ;
 Now here, now there ; is bought or is sold ;
 And is current in every house.

AIR VI. What shall I do to shew how much I
love her, &c.

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around ;
 But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet)
 There fades and shrinks, and grows past all en-
 during,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

AIR

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine town.
 Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have
 taught her,
 I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
 For she must have both hoods and gowns, and
 hoops to swell her pride,
 With scarves and stays, and gloves and lace; and
 she'll have man beside;
 And when she's drest with care and cost, all tempt-
 ing fine and gay,
 As men should serve a cucumber, she flings her-
 self away.
 Our Polly is a sad slut, &c.

AIR VIII. Grim king of the Ghosts, &c.
 Can love be controul'd by advice?
 Will Cupid our mothers obey?
 Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
 At his flame 'twould have melted away.
 When he kist me, so closely he prest,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
 So I thought it both safest and best
 To marry, for fear you should chide.

AIR IX. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou
 been?
 O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist,
 By keeping men off, you keep them on.
 But he so teas'd me,
 And he so pleas'd me,
 What I did, you must have done.

AIR X. Thomas, I cannot. &c.
 I like a ship in storms was toll,
 Yet afraid to put in to land;
 For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost,
 Whose treasure is contraband.

The waves are laid,
 My duty's paid,
 Joy beyond expression!
 Thus, safe a-shore,
 I ask no more,
 My all's in my possession.

AIR XI. A soldier and a sailor.
 A fox may steal your hens, sir,
 A whore your health and pence, sir,
 Your daughter rob your chest, sir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, sir.
 A thief your goods and plate:
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken;
 It ever was decreed, sir,
 If lawyer's hand is set'd, sir,
 He steals your whole estate.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.
 Oh ponder well, be not severe;
 So save a wretched wife!
 For on the rope that hangs my dear,
 Depends poor Pelly's life.

AIR XIII. Le printemps rapelle aux armes.
 The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Her lover dying,
 The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Laments her dove.
 Down she drops quite spent with fighting,
 Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say —
 Pretty Pelly, say,
 When I was away,
 Did your fancy never stray,
 To some newer lover?

Without

Without disguise,
 Heaving sighs,
 Doating eyes,
 My constant heart discover.
 Fondly, let me loll!!
 O pretty, pretty Poll.

AIR XV. Pray, fair-one, be kind—
 My heart was so free,
 It row'd like the bee,
 Till Polly my passion requited.
 I sipp'd each flower,
 I chang'd ev'ry hour,
 But here ev'ry flower's united.

AIR XVI. Over the hills and far away.
 Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
 And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
 Too soon the half year's night would pass.
 Were I sold on Indian soil,
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
 And I would love you all the day,
 Every night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

AIR XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn thing—
 O what pain it is to part!
 Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
 O what pain it is to part!
 Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
 But lest death my love should thwart,
 And bring thee to the fatal cart,
 Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart,
 Fly hance, and let me leave thee.

AIR XVIII. O the broom, &c.
 The miser thus a shilling fees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
 The bird in silence eyes ;
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, fobs, and cries.

AIR XIX. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.
 Fill ev'ry glass,
 For wine inspires us,
 And fires us,
 With courage, love, and joy ;
 Women and wine should life employ,
 Is there aught else on earth desirous ?
 Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

AIR XX. March in Rinaldo.
 Let us take the road.
 Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !
 The hour of attack approaches,
 To your arms, brave boys, and load.
 See the ball I hold !
 Let the chymists toil like asses,
 Our fire their fire surpasses,
 And turns all our lead to gold.

AIR XXI. Would you have a young virgin,
 &c.
 If the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
 Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press

Pres her,
 Caress her,
 With blisses,
 Her kisses,
 Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

AIR XXII. Cotillon.

Youth's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow.
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

AIR XXIII. All in a misty morning, &c.

Before the barn-door crowing,
 The cock by hens attended,
 His eyes around him throwing,
 Stands for a while suspended;
 Then one he singles from the crew,
 And cheers the happy hen,
 With how do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again.

AIR XXIV. When once I lay with another
man's wife, &c.

The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,

If they meddle, your all is in danger ;

Like gypsies, if once they can finger a souse,

Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your
house,

And give your estate to a stranger.

AIR XXV. When first I laid siege to my
Chloris, &c.

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,

Let me go where I will,

In all kinds of ill,

I shall find no such furies as these are.

AIR XXVI. Courtiers, courtiers think it no
harm, &c.

Man may escape from rope and gun,

Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill ;

Who takes a woman must be undone,

That basilisk is sure to kill.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,

So he that takes woman, woman, woman,

He that takes woman, ruin meets.

AIR XXVII. A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat

In her trap in the morning taken,

With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,

In revenge of her loss of bacon :

Then she throws him

To the dog or cat,

To be worry'd, crush'd, and shaken.

AIR

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the sea was roar-
ing, &c.

How cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest;
Whoever steals a shilling,
Thro' shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjurd villain,
With boasts the theft reveals.

AIR XXIX. The sun had loos'd his weary
teams, &c.

The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:
But alas! vain maid, all eyes but your own,
Can see you are not younger.

AIR XXX. How happy are we, &c.
When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—that was levell'd at me.

AIR XXXI. Of a noble race was Shinkim.
Is then his fate decreed, sir?
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my heart is splitting!

AIR XXXII.

You'll think, ere many days ensue,
This sentence not severe ;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

AIR XXXIII. London ladies.

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected ;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent ;
That reason with all is prevailing.

AIR XXXIV. All in the Downs, &c.

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fash is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay,
Without sits pining for th'event ;
Her chatt'ring lovers all-around her skim,
She heeds them not (poor bird !) her soul's with
him.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolicksome
ditty.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away !
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say ;
But tol, de rol, &c.

AIR

AIR XXXVI. Irish trot.

I'm bubbled.

—— I'm bubbled.

O how I am troubled !

Bamboozled and bit !

—— My distresses are doubled.

When you come to the tree, should the hangman
refuse,

These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose !

I'm bubbled, &c.

AIR XXXVII.

Cease your funning ;

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trepan ;

All these fallies

Are but malice,

To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain,

By their flirting,

Women oft have envy shewn ;

Pleas'd to ruin,

Others wooing ;

Never happy in their own !

AIR XXXVIII. Good morrow, gossip Joan.

Why how now, madam Flirt ;

If you thus must chatter,

And are for flinging dirt,

Let's try who best can spatter,

Madam Flirt !

Why how now, saucy jade ;

Sure the wench is tipsy ;

How can you see me made

The scoff of such a gipsy ?

[To him.

Saucy jade !

[To her.

AIR

AIR XXXIX. Irish howl.

No power on earth can e'er divide
 The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
 When parents draw against our mind,
 The true-love's knot they faster bind.
 Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—oh, oh, oh, &c.

AIR XL. The lass of Patie's mill, &c.

I like the fox shall grieve,
 Whose mate had left her side,
 Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
 Chase o'er the country wide.
 Where can my lover hide?
 Where cheat the wary pack?
 If love be not his guide,
 He never will come back!

AIR XLI. If love's a sweet passion, &c.

When young at the bar you first taught me to
 score,
 And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;
 I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot,
 When the guest was departed the kiss was forgot.
 But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
 That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

AIR XLII. South-sea ballad.

My love is all madness and folly,
 Alone I lie,
 Toss, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy creature is Polly!
 Was e'er such a wretch as I?
 With rage I redden like scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant varlet,
 Stark blind to my charms,
 Is lost in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

Stark

Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my resentment alarms.

AIR XLIII. Packington's pound.
Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
Though they know that their industry all is a
cheat :
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,
And join to promote one another's deceit ;
But if by mishap
They fail of a chap
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap :
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their
ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their
friends.

AIR XLIV. Lillibullero.
The modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they lett out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to
defend :
In sorrowful ditty
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

AIR XLIV. Down in the North country, &c.
What gudgeons are we men ?
Ev'ry woman's easy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, again
We bite, and they betray.

The

The bird that hath been trapt,
 When he hears his calling mate,
 To her he flies, again he's clapt
 Within the wiry grate.

AIR XLVI. A shepherd kept sheep, &c.
 In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,
 fa, la, &c.
 Like a sparrow, at all times was ready for love,
 fa, la, &c.
 The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
 Lip to lip while we're young—then the lip to the
 glafs, fa, la, la, &c.

AIR XLVII. One evening having lost my
 way, &c.
 I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,
 Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
 With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
 Deserted and all forlorn,
 While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
 That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight !
 Revenge, revenge, revenge,
 Shall appease my restless sprite.

AIR XLVIII. Now, Roger, I'll tell thee be-
 cause, &c.
 When a wife's in her pout,
 (As she's sometimes, no doubt)
 The good husband as meek as a lamb,
 Her vapours to still,
 First grants her her will,
 And the quieting draught is a dram ;
 Poor man ! And the quieting draught is a dram.

AIR

AIR XLIX. O Bessy Bell.

A curse attends that woman's love,
 Who always would be pleasing ;
 The pertness of the billing dove,
 Like tickling, is but teasing.
 What then in love can women do ?
 If we grow fond they shun us,
 And when we fly them they pursue,
 But leave us when they've won us.

AIR L. Would fate to me Belinda give,
 Among the men coquets we find,
 Who court by turns all woman kind ;
 And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
 When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

AIR LI. Come, sweet lass, &c.
 Come, sweet lass,
 Let's banish sorrow,
 Till to-morrow,
 Come, sweet lass,
 Let's take a chirping glass.
 Wine can clear
 The vapours of despair,
 And make us as light as air :
 Then drink and banish care.

AIR LII. The last time I went o'er the moor.
 Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes,
 Bestow one glance to cheer me.
 Think with that look, thy Polly dies,
 O shun me not—but hear me.
 'Tis Polly sues.
 —'Tis Lucy speaks.
 Is thus true love requited ?
 My heart is bursting,
 —Mine too breaks,
 Must I
 —Must I be slighted ?

AIR

AIR LIII. Tom Tinker's my true love.
Which way shall I turn me?—How can I decide?
Wives the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife for most husbands is too much to hear;
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear;
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would
take ill.

AIR LIV. I am a poor shepherd undone.
When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distress on the dashing wave,
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a watry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and a well-a-day!
Before I was in love.
Oh! every month was May.

AIR LV. Janthe the lovely, &c.
When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or clashing of swords?
For death is more certain by witnesses words.
Then nail up their lips: that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

AIR LVI. A cobbler there was, &c.
Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it must give up our gang:
And good reason why,
Or instead of the fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I,
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty rascals might hang.

AIR LVII. Bonny Dundee.

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show !)
 I go undismay'd—for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand—so, take what I owe.
 Then farewell, my love—Dear charmer, adieu,
 Contented I die—'Tis the better for you ;
 Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
 For this way, at once, I please all my wives.

AIR LVIII. Happy groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel case !
 Must I suffer this disgrace ?

AIR LIX. Of all the girls that are so smart.
 Of all the friends in time of grief,
 When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
 Not one so sure can bring relief,
 As this best friend a brimmer.

AIR LX. Britons, strike home.

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince or
 whine.

AIR LXI. Chevy-chase.

But now again my spirits sink ;
 I'll raise them high with wine.

AIR LXII. To old Sir Simon the king.

But valour the stronger grows,
 The stronger liquor we're drinking ;
 And how can we feel our woes,
 When we've lost the trouble of thinking ?

AIR LXIII. Joy to great Cæsar.

If thus—a man can die
 Much bolder with brandy.

AIR

AIR LXIV. There was an old woman.
So I drink off this bumper—And now I can stand
the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave
as the best.

AIR LXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.
But can I leave my pretty huffies,
Without one tear or tender sigh ?

AIR LXVI. Why are mine eyes still flowing.
Their eyes, their lips, their buffies,
Recal my love.——Ah must I die ?

AIR LXVII. Green sleeves.
Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me;
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn tree !
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree !

AIR LXVIII. All you that must take a leap, &c.
Would I might be hang'd !
——And I would so too !
To be hang'd with you,
——My dear, with you.
O leave me to thought ! I fear ! I doubt !
I tremble ! I droop !—See my courage is out.
No token of love !
——See my courage is out.
No token of love !

——Adieu.

———Adieu.

———Farewell.

But hark ! I hear the toll of the bell.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

AIR LXIX. Lumps of pudding, &c.

Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around ;

From all sides their glances his passion confound !

For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,

And the different beauties subdue him by turns ;

Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,

Though willing to all, with but one he retires.

But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,

The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. But think of this maxim, &c.




THE



THE
SONGS
In the OPERA of
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

AIR I.

 HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy ;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temperate sweet, that ne'er can
cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind ;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

AIR II.

Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit ?

Continued

Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
 Now fondled, now chid,
 Permitted, forbid,
 'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover!
 More firmness discover;
 Take courage, nor here longer moap;
 Resist and be free,
 Run riot like me,
 And to perfect the picture elope.

A I R III.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey;
 And is there then no saving clause,
 Against tyrannic sway?

A I R IV.

When once love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast;
 Like lightning rushing thro' the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess.
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies;
 Thought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

A I R V.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain;
 In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
 My sheep upon the plain,

What

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know :
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have you plac'd
My fair one's lot so low ?

A I R VI.

Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly ;
Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear,
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

A I R VII.

Still in hope to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try ;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.

A I R VIII.

There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He work'd and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blyth than he.
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be ;
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.

A I R IX.

Let gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,

From

From pleasure to pleasure they run :
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

A I R X.

The honest heart, where thoughts are clear,
 From fraud, disguise, and guile ;
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing ;
 What more than mirth would mortals have ?
 The cheerful man's a king !

A I R XI.

Weil, well, say no more,
 Sure you told me before ;
 I know the full length of my tether ;
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you and put you together.
 A word to the wife,
 Will always suffice,
 Adsniggers, go talk to your parrot ;
 I'm not such an elf,
 Tho' I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

A I R

A I R XII.

Cupid, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seize, O seize, some kind occasion,
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 What is grandeur? foe to rest,
 Childish mummery at best;
 Happy I in humble state;
 Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.

A I R XIII.

How happy were my days till now,
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool, the silly, silly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be?
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

A I R XIV.

The court and the city, fine folk may extol,
 Where beauties all shining a paradise make;
 But shew me the belles, at a play or a ball,
 To equal the lads at a fair or a wake.

Behold,

Behold, in a garden, the roses new blown,
 Such freshness smiles here upon every face !
 While flow'rs in a chimney, your fair ones in
 town,
 Look wither'd, and bear the dark hue of the
 place.

A I R XV.

Those who in gardens take delight,
 Attend to what I say,
 To pleasure you with main and might,
 I'll labour ev'ry day.
 All sort of gardener craft I know,
 Though it be ne'er so nice ;
 With me your fruits and flowers shall grow,
 As 'twere in Paradise.

I pray ye, gentles, list to me,
 I'm young and strong, and clean to see ;
 I'll not turn tail to any she,

For work that's in the county ;
 Of all your house the charge I take,
 I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake,
 And more can do than here I'll speak,
 Depending on your bounty.

A huntsman I am, with a merry-ton'd horn,
 Come here in the search of a place ;
 Hark away, jolly sportsmen, I'll rouse you each
 morn,
 To enjoy the delights of the chace—my brave
 boys.

If for your laundry you desire
 A sober, careful girl to hire,
 I dare be bound, your linen all
 To get up neat, both great and small ;
 I would not brag but where I might ;
 No driven snow shall be more white.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade,
 In chamber, hall, and entry ;
 And what tho' here I now appear,
 I've serv'd the best of gentry.
 A footman would you have,
 I can dress, and comb, and shave ;
 For I a handy lad am ;
 On a message I can go,
 And slip a billetdeux,
 With your humble servant, madam.

Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross,
 For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss ;
 And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your
 sauce,
 Compar'd to the fare of old England, &c.

Clear the course, my boys, clear the course, and
 make room,
 Ye gents of the turf, have you need of a groom ?
 Let me ride your match, and you'll certainly win,
 I'll teach you to take the knowing ones in.

To prove the market ben't afraid,
 In me you'll find a dairy-maid,
 Whate'er you can expect her ;
 I've often had the place before,
 And always gave content, and more,
 Can have a good character.

If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,
 Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
 Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try ;
 You'll say you ne'er met with a better than I.
 Ge ho Dobbin, &c.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

My masters and mistresses hither repair,
 What servants you want you will find in our fair;
 Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;
 And as for the wages we shan't disagree.

A I R XVI.

We women like weak Indians trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel show decoys:
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys:
 We give our treasure, to be paid
 A paltry poor return in toys.

A I R XVII.

Think, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings;
 Time flies swift, and will away;
 Time that's ever on its wings;
 Doubting, and suspense, at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

A I R XVIII.

Believe me, dear aunt,
 If you rave thus and rant,
 You'll never a lover persuade;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die,
 Oh, terrible chance! an old maid——

How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who ancient virginity scapes!
 'Twere better on earth,
 Have five brats at a birth,
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

A I R XIX.

When I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast:
 When hugg'd and hal'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd:
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again:
 Then hoity toity,
 Whisking, frisking,
 Green was her gown upon the grass:
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

A I R XX.

Let rakes and libertines resign'd,
 To sensual pleasures range:
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquets and prudes conceal,
 What most their hearts desire;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave;
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

A I R XXI.

How blest'd the maid, whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows;
 Her days in joys she passes,
 Her nights in calm repose.
 Where-e'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear invades her,

But

But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

A I R XXII.

In vain I ev'ry art assay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That rankles in my heart ;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

A I R XXIII.

Be gone——I agree,
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've sworn ;
Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain
A trial so hard to be borne.

When things are but fit,
We should calmly submit,
No cure in reluctance we find ;
Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.

A I R XXIV.

Oh ! how shall I in language weak,
My ardent passion tell !
Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, farewell !
Farewel——but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will, my constant heart,
Must with my charmer stay.

A I R XXV.

Young I am, and fore afraid :
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe,
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

A I R XXVI.

Oons ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this !
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.
 No age, no profession, no station is free ;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee :
 That power resistless no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

A I R XXVII.

My Dolly was the fairest thing !
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek :
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type :
 But, when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart as winter cold.

A I R XXVIII.

Oh Hymen propitious, receive in thy train,
 A pair unseduc'd by the selfish and vain ;
 Whom neither ambition nor interest draws,
 But love, cordial subjects, submit to thy laws :
 Our souls for the sweets of thy union prepare,
 And grant us thy blisses unblended with care :

Let

Let mutual compliance endear all our days,
And friendship grow stronger as passion decays.

A I R XXIX.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen ?
Zawns ! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind
what I say ;
You've chose a wrong person for playing your
tricks on,
So pack up your alls, and be trudging away.
You'd better be quiet,
And not breed a riot ;
'Sblood, must I stand prating with you here all day ?
I've got other matters to mind :
Mayhap you may think me an ass :
But to the contrary you'll find.
A fine piece of work, by the mass !

A I R XXX.

Cease, gay seducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair ;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall hapless beauty go ?
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe !

A I R XXXI.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll
seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And a register's office will get me a place.
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend ;
Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end ;
Then

Then why should not I the same maxim pursue ?
And better my fortune as other girls do.

A I R XXXII.

Well, come, let's hear what the swain must possess,
Who may hope at your feet to implore with success ?

He must be, first of all,
Straight, comely, and tall ;
Neither awkward,
Nor foolish,
Nor apish,
Nor mulish,
Nor yet should his fortune be small.

What think'st of a captain,
All bluster and wounds ?
What think'st of a 'squire,
To be left for his hounds ?

The youth that is form'd to my mind,
Must be gentle, obliging, and kind ;
Of all things in nature love me,
Have sense both to speak and to see,
Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt.
Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate ;
Remember 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

A I R XXXIII.

The world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set :
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.

My

My simile holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste ;
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

A I R XXXIV.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey ;
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away ;
 Like the sun true merit shows,
 By nature warm, by nature bright ;
 With inbred flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

A I R XXXV.

The traveller benighted,
 And led thro' weary ways,
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys.

The rising prospects viewing,
 Each look is forward cast ;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

A I R XXXVI.

If ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest,
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my breast.
 Oh where, where would you fly me ?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed ?
 Think when my lover was by me,
 Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;

Look

Look on me sighing, crying, dying;
 Ah! is there no language can move?
 If I have been too complying;
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

A I R XXXVII.

A plague of those wenches, they make such a
 pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry he's unkind in his carriage:
 What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on:

You cannot persuade 'em,

'Till promise you've made 'em;

And after they've got it,

They tell you——add rot it!

Their character's blasted, their ruin'd, undone;

And then to be sure, fir,

There is but one cure, fir,

And all the discourse is of marriage.

A I R XXXVIII.

How much superior beauty awes,

The coldest bosoms find:

But with resistless force it draws,

To sense and sweetness join'd.

The casket, where, to outward show,

The workman's art is seen,

Is doubly valu'd, when we know

It holds a gem within.

A I R XXXIX.

When we see a lover languish,

And his truth and honour prove,

Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,

And repay him love for love!

A I R

A I R XL.

All I wish in her obtaining,
 Fortune can no more impart ;
 Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,
 Speak the feelings of my heart.
 Joy and pleasure never ceasing,
 Love with length of years increasing.

Thus my heart and hand surrender,
 Here my faith and truth I plight ;
 Constant still, and kind and tender,
 May our flames burn ever bright.

A I R XLI.

If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
 That seat of confusion and noise,
 May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,
 Nor the pleasures the country enjoys.
 Nay, more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
 Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece ;
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters
 walk in,
 And shew me for two pence a-piece.

A I R XLII.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you ;
 Are then your vows so soon forgot ?
 Ah ! now I see if I had try'd you,
 What would have been my hopeful lot.
 But here I charge you—make them happy ;
 Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss :
 Come, be a dear good-natur'd pappy,
 And I'll reward you with a kiss.

A I R XLIII.

The merchant, whose vessel the winds make their
port,

At last thus arrives with his treasure in port ;
His labour requited, his duty he pays ;
His dangers are past, and his heart is at ease.

Were monarchs contending to make me a bride,
Undazzled I'd look on their splendor and pride ;
Refus'd should their crowns and their palaces be,
Contented to live in a cottage with thee.

On earth, if there's aught of substantial delight,
'Tis sure when like us a fond couple unite ;
When blest'd in each other their struggles are o'er,
And pleasures are heighten'd by pains gone before.

A I R XLIV.

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,

 Welcome jollity and joy ;

Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,

 Mirth this happy night employ.

Let's to friendship do our duty,

 Laugh and sing some good old strain ;

Drink a health to love and beauty,

 May they long in triumph reign.





T H E
S O N G S

In the OPERA of the
MAID OF THE MILL.

A I R I.

C H O R U S.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh, how blest the miller's life !
F Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grift to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent ;
What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
More than plenty and content ?

A I R II.

If that's all you want, who the plague will be
sorry ?
'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry.
For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't :
D S'flesh ;

S'flesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horses from morning till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew
you,

First, yonder's your shovel, your sack too I throw
you ;

Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will :

They're welcome to slave for your wages that need
'em,

Tol-lol, derol-lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

A I R III.

In love to pine and languish,

Yet know your passion vain ;

To harbour heart-felt anguish,

Yet fear to tell your pain !

What pow'rs unrelenting,

Severer ills inventing,

Can sharpen pangs like these ?

Where days and nights tormenting,

Yield not a moment's ease.

A I R IV.

What are outward forms and shews,

To an honest heart compar'd ?

Oft the rustic, wanting those,

Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,

Bearing, at the hedge's side,

Virtues of more sovereign pow'r

Than the garden's gayest pride.

A I R

A I R V.

Hark ! 'tis I, your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles ;
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possit,
 Till we've sped, I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an' you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's an end at once of arguing :
 I'm hers, she's mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

A I R VI.

Oh ! why should fate, pursuing
 A wretched thing like me,
 Heap ruin thus on ruin,
 And add to misery ?

The griefs I languish'd under,
 In secret let me share ;
 But this new store of thunder,
 Is more than I can bear.

A I R VII.

With the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
 D 2 I yield

I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are
 plac'd,
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

A I R VIII.

Why how now, miss pert,
 Do you think to divert
 My anger by fawning and stroking ?
 Wou'd you make me a fool ?
 Your play-thing, your tool,
 Was ever young minx so provoking ?

Get out of my sight,
 'Twould be serving you right,
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on,
 Contradict your mamma,
 I've a mind, by the la !
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

A I R IX.

Odd's my life, search England over,
 An' you match her in the station,
 I'll be bound to fly the nation ;
 An' be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating,
 Here's the work 'tis always at :
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on earth can sweeter be ?
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

A I R X.

The madman thus at times we see
 With seeming reason blest ;
 His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
 And speak a mind at rest.

But short the calms of ease and sense,
 And ah, uncertain too ;
 While that idea lives from whence
 At first his frenzy grew.

A I R XI.

I am young, and I am friendless,
 And poor, alas ! withal ;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call.
 Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Tho' the gift be ne'er so small.
 May you, possessing every blessing,
 Still inherit, sir, all your merit, sir,
 And never know what it is to want :
 Sweet heav'n your worship all happiness grant.

A I R XII.

Why quits the merchant blest with ease,
 The pleasures of his native seat ;
 To tempt the dangers of the seas,
 And climes more perilous than these,
 Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat ?
 He knows the hardship, knows the pain,
 The length of way, but thinks it small :
 The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
 Undaunted makes him combat all.

A I R XIII.

Lye still my heart ; oh fatal stroke,
That kilis at once my hopes and me.
Miss Pat ?

—————What ?

Nay, I only spoke.

Take courage, mon, she does but joke.

Come, sister, come, what, kinder be !

Well, this is a thing the most oddett,

Some folks are so plaguily modest ;

Were we in the case,

To be in their place,

We'd carry it off with a different face.

Thus I take her by the lily hand,

So soft and white.

——Why now that's right,

And kifs her too, mon, never stand.

What words can explain,

My pleasure——my pain ?

It presses, it rises,

My heart it surprises,

I can't keep it down, tho' I'd never so fain.

So here the play ends :

The lovers are friends.

Hush !

——Tush !

——Nah !

——Pshah !

What torments exceeding, what joys are above,

The pains and the pleasures that wait upon love ?

A I R XIV.

Ah ! how vainly mortals treasure

Hopes of happiness and pleasure,

Hard and doubtful to obtain ;

By what standards false we measure !

Still pursuing

Ways to ruin,

Seeking bliss, and finding pain.

A I R

A I R XV.

My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble,
 Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear;
 Enraptur'd I gaze, when I touch her I tremble,
 And speak to and hear her, with falt'ring and
 fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented?
 My blood's in a ferment, it freezes, it burns;
 This moment I wish what the next is repented,
 While love, rage, and jealousy, rack me by turns.

A I R XVI.

Was I sure a life to lead
 Wretched as the vilest slave,
 Ev'ry hardship would I brave:
 Rudest toil, severest need;
 Ere yield my hand so coolly,
 To the man who never truly
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please;
 Take them you love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

A I R XVII.

When a maid in way of marriage
 First is courted by a man,
 Let'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.
 Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
 Gives the word to bill and coo;
 'Tis a different story quite,
 And she quickly buckles to.

A I R XVIII.

Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,
 Without mixture, without measure,
 No where shall you find the treasure
 Sure as in the sylvan scene.

Blest, who no false glare requiring,
 Nature's rural scenes admiring,
 Can, from grosser joys retiring,
 Seek the simple and serene.

A I R XIX.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do ye mean?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatterdemallions——
 If one of them comes within reach of my cane.
 Such cursed assurance,
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay,
 Pray come away.
 They're liars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions,
 Will find them but fictions,
 A bubble that always deceives.

A I R XX.

Hist, hist! I hear my mother call!
 Pr'ythee begone, we'll meet anon.——
 Catch this, and this—Blow me a kiss,
 In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.
 Farewel!—and yet a moment stay,
 Something beside I have to say:
 Well, 'tis forgot;—no matter what.

Love

Love grant us grace,
The mill's the place.
She calls again, I must away.

A I R XXI.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine,
I must, I will possess thee.
Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee?
To kiss and call thee mine!
Let me this only bliss enjoy,
That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy,
All other pleasures I resign.

Why should I dally,
Stand shilly shally?
Let fortune smile or frown,
Love will attend us,
Love will befriend us,
And all our wishes crown.

A I R XXII.

Lord, sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
But I the refusal can bear;
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose you're mistaken,
For, sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a damsel forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

A I R XXIII.

I'm in such a passion, but let 'em take care on't,
Or else, by the mackins, before they're aware on't,
They'll pay for their gameness dear;
The first and the best, whomsoever they be,
Shall find, if they offer to play upon me,
They take the wrong sow by the ear.

I have been a fool to this Londenthire shaver :
 But now, since I sees his ungrateful behavior,
 I'll with him turn o'er a new leaf ;
 And if I don't speedily serve 'em a trick,
 Shall make both my lady and gentleman sick,
 Why, say that my name is not Ralph.

A I R XXIV.

Zooks ! why should I sit down and grieve ?
 No case so sad, there may'nt be had
 Some med'cine to relieve.
 There's what masters all disasters,
 With a cup of nut-brown beer,
 Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer.
 If one pretty damsel fail me,
 From another I may find
 Return more kind,
 What a murrain then should ail me ?
 All girls are not of a mind.
 He's a child that whimpers for a toy ;
 So here's to thee, honest boy.

A I R XXV.

Cease, oh cease to overwhelm me,
 With excess of bounty rare ;
 What am I, what have I, tell me,
 To deserve your meanest care ?

'Gainst our gate in vain resistance,
 Let me then no grief disclose,
 But resign'd at humble distance,
 Offer vows for your repose.

A I R XXVI.

The quarrels of lovers, add's me ! they're a jest.
 Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither :
 So, sure, let us leave them together.
 Farewel then !

—For

_____ For ever !
 _____ I vow and proteſt.
 'Twas kind of his honour,
 To gain thus upon her ;
 We're ſo much beholden, it can't be expreſt.
 I feel ſomething here,
 'Twixt hoping and fear.
 Haſte, haſte, friendly night,
 To ſhelter our flight——
 A thouſand diſtractions are rending my breaſt.
 Oh mercy,
 _____ Oh dear !
 Why, Doſſy, will you mind when you're ſpoke to,
 or not ?
 Muſt I ſtand in waiting,
 While you're here a prating ?
 May every felicity fall to your lot.
 She curt'ſys, look there,
 What a ſhape, what an air !
 How happy, how wretched, how tir'd am I !
 Your lordſhip's obedient, your ſervant, good bye.

A I R XXVII.

To ſpeak my mind
 Of womankind,
 In one word 'tis this,
 By nature they're deſign'd
 To ſay and do amiſs.
 Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives ;
 Wanton, headſtrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat, and give much pain ;
 Their ſtudy, day and night,
 Is miſchief, their delight ;
 And if we ſhould prevent
 At one door their intent,
 They'll quickly turn about,
 And find another out.

A I R

A I R XXVIII.

Let me fly hence.—Tyrant fashion,
 Teach to servile minds your law ;
 Curb in them each generous passion,
 Every motion keep in awe.
 Shall I, in thy trammels going,
 Quit the idol of my heart ?
 While it beats all fervent, glowing,
 With my life I'll sooner part.

A I R XXIX.

When you meet a tender creature,
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
 Full of kindness and good nature,
 Prove as kind again to she ;
 Happy mortal to possess her,
 In your bosom warm and press her,
 Morning, noon, and night caress her,
 And be fond as fond can be.
 But if one you meet that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit ;
 Nothing's thought enough to bind her,
 Then agog when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her ;
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

A I R XXX.

O what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate ;
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true-love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack,
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure ;
 I could bite
 My tongue thro' spite ;
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

A I R XXXI.

Womens tongues are like mill-clappers,
 And from thence they learn the knack
 Of for ever sounding clack.

A I R XXXII.

O leave me, in pity, the falsehood I scorn,
 For slander the bosom untainted defies ;
 But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sent to despise.

Of woman, defenceless, how cruel the fate,
 Pass ever so cautious so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

A I R XXXIII.

Who'll buy good luck ? who'll buy, who'll buy
 The gipsy's favours—here am I !
 Through the village, through the town,
 What charming savoury scraps we earn ;
 Clean straw shall be our beds of down,
 And our withdrawing room a barn.
 Young and old, the grave and gay,
 The miser and the prodigal,
 Cit, courtier, bumpkin, come away ;
 I warrant we'll content you all.

A I R

A I R XXXIV.

Who upon the oozy beach
 Can count the numerous sands that lie ?
 Or distinctly reckon each
 Transparent orb that studs the sky ?

As their multitude betray,
 And frustrate all attempts to tell ;
 So 'tis impossible to say
 How much I love, I love so well.

A I R XXXV.

Then heigh for a frolicksome life,
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rise,
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair ;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing, cry'd——look there !

A I R XXXVI.

My life, my joy, my blessing !
 In thee each grace possessing,
 All must my choice approve ;
 To you my all is owing,
 O take a heart o'erflowing
 With gratitude and love,
 Thus infolding,
 Thus beholding,
 One to me so dear ;
 Can there be pleasure greater ?
 Can there be bliss compleater ?
 'Tis too much to bear.

A I R

A I R XXXVII.

Yield who will to forms a martyr,
 While unaw'd by idle shame ;
 Pride for happiness I barter,
 Heedless of the million's blame.

Thus with love my arms I quarter,
 Women grac'd in nature's frame,
 Ev'ry privilege by charter,
 Have a right from man to claim.

Eas'd from doubts and fears presaging,
 What new joys within me rise,
 While mamma, her frown assuaging,
 Does no longer tyrannise.

So long storms and tempests raging,
 When the blust'ring fury dies,
 Ah ! how lovely, how engaging,
 Prospects fair, and cloudless skies.

Dad, but this is wond'rous pretty,
 Singing each a roundelay ;
 And I'll mingle in the ditty,
 Tho' I scarce know what to say.

There's a daughter brisk and witty,
 There's a wife can scarcely sway ;
 Trust me, matters, 'twere a pity,
 Not to let them have their way.

My example is a rare one,
 But the cause may be divin'd ;
 Women want not merit——dare one
 Hope——deserving men to find ?

O may

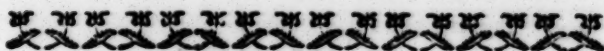
O may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind ;
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid and as kind.

Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,
And expos'd for folks to see't ;
'Tis as tho'f a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.

But the wrongs go unresented,
Since the fates have thought them meet ;
This good company contented,
All my wishes are compleat.









T H E



T H E
S O N G S
In the O P E R A of
A R T A X E R X E S.

D U E T T I N O.

  A I R Aurora, pr'ythee stay ;
 F  O retard unwelcome day :
  Think what anguish rends my breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest ;
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

A I R I.
Adieu, thou lovely youth,
Let hope thy fears remove ;
Preserve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love.

A I R II.
Amid a thousand racking woes,
I pant, I tremble, and I feel
Cold blood from ev'ry vein distil,
And clog my lab'ring heart.

I see

I see my fair one's lost repose,
 And O! lament the fatal curse;
 That he who gave me life could thus
 From virtue's laws depart.

A I R III.

Behold! on Lethe's dismal strand
 Thy father's troubled spirit stand!
 In his face what grief profound!
 See he rolls his haggard eyes;
 Hark! revenge! revenge he cries,
 And points to his still bleeding wound:
 Obey the call, revenge his death,
 And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

A I R IV.

Fair Semira, lovely maid,
 Cease in pity to upbraid
 My oppress'd but constant heart:
 Full sufficient are the woes
 Which my cruel stars oppose;
 Heav'n, alas! has done its part.

A I R V.

When real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss
 T' enjoy ideal pleasure,
 And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars:
 The sailor, in his sleep,
 With safety ploughs the deep.

So I, thro' fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heavenly maid,
 And blest with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.

A I R

A I R VI.

How hard is my fate,
 How desp'rate my state,
 When virtue and honour excite ?
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to bless
 The object in whom I delight.

Yet 'midst all the woes
 My soul undergoes,
 Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
 I'll scorn to complain,
 If the force of my pain
 Awaken his pity for me.

A I R VII.

Thy father ! away, I renounce the soft claim,
 Thou spot on my honour, thou blast to my fame !
 Let justice the traitor to punishment bring ;
 His father he lost, when he murder'd his king.

A I R VIII.

Acquit thee of this foul offence,
 Return with spotless innocence ;
 Then shall my hapless brother see,
 That never sister lov'd like me.

A I R IX.

O, too lovely, too unkind,
 If my lips no credit find,
 Pierce my breast, my heart shall prove
 Strong in virtue, firm in love ;
 Guiltless, wretched, left forlorn,
 And worse than murder'd by thy scorn.

A I R X.

Fly, soft ideas, fly,
 That neither tear nor sigh
 My virtue may betray :
 Nature's great call,
 That governs all,
 A daughter must obey.
 Alas! my soul denies
 To hear revenge's cries ;
 Dare not, fond heart,
 To take his part,
 But drive his form away.

A I R XI.

In infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known,
 And friendship, in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.
 O clear him then from this offence,
 Thy love, thy duty prove ;
 Restore him with that innocence,
 Which first inspir'd my love.

A I R XII.

Disdainful you fly me,
 In anger exclaim ;
 All comfort deny me,
 And murder my fame.

No grief can the heart
 To pity incline,
 That bears not a part
 In sorrow like mine.
 Nature's tender plea is vain ;
 Welcome then my chains again.

O rigour unjust !
 O counsel accurst !

Ambition

Ambition ill-plac'd,
My virtue disgrac'd ;
The pains I endure,
Death only can cure.

Disdainful you fly me,
In anger exclaim ;
All comfort deny me,
And murder my fame.

No grief can the heart
To pity incline,
That bears not a part
In sorrow like mine.

Nature's tender plea is vain ;
Welcome then my chains again.

A I R XIII.

To sigh and complain,
Alike I disdain ;
Contented my wish to enjoy :
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a scar ;
And if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains,
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

A I R XIV.

If o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create;
What was my pride, is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part.

A I R XV.

If the river's swelling waves
O'erflow their usual bed,
Scarce th' affrighted peasant saves,
From the flood his homely shed.

Tho' he stop one open shore,
Where the waters swiftly glide,
In an hundred places more
Rushes in th' impetuous tide.

A I R XVI.

By that belov'd embrace,
By this my fond adieu,
Deplore my hapless case,
Condemn'd, alas! by you.
Appease my love, my truth commend,
Yourself preserve, my king defend.
My sentence I obey,
To filial duty true,
And scarce have pow'r to say,
A long and last adieu!

A I R XVII.

Monster, away!
 From cheerful day
 To the gloomy desert fly:
 Paths explore
 Where lions roar,
 And devouring tygers lie.
 Tho' for food
 They wade in blood,
 All to save their young agree:
 Ev'ry creature,
 Fierce by nature,
 Harmless is compar'd to thee.

A I R XVIII.

This bosom, a stranger to rest,
 Resentment and pity assail,
 As both for dominion contest,
 So both, to my sorrow prevail.
 My heart, in this desperate state,
 To give each assailant its due,
 Now bleeds for my brother's hard fate,
 And burns with resentment to you.

A I R XIX.

Thou, like the glorious sun,
 Thy splendid course shall run.
 What tho' the night
 Obscure his light,
 When prison'd in the west;
 The day returns,
 Again he burns,
 The god of day confess.

A I R XX.

Water parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide ;
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide :
 Yet in search of lost repose,
 Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

A I R XXI.

Tho' oft a cloud, with envious shade,
 Conceals the face of day,
 The sun is still in flames array'd,
 His beams immortal not decay'd.
 Soon the gloomy veil retires ;
 He darts each pow'rful ray,
 And heat and light expires.

A I R XXII.

O let the danger of a son
 Excite vindictive ire ;
 The prospect of a kingdom won,
 Should light ambition's fire.

To wounded minds revenge is balm ;
 With vigour they engage,
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm
 To a more pleasing rage.

A I R XXIII.

O, much lov'd son, if death
 Has stol'n thy vital breath,
 I'll share thy helpless fate ;
 But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
 A murder'd king at Lethe's flood
 The tidings shall relate.

Bid Charon cease from toil,
 And rest upon his oar,
 Till I attain the happy soil,
 Where we shall part no more.

A I R XXIV.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
 Nor with rancour never ending
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
 I, alas ! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend,
 Let not rage, &c.

A I R XXV.

'Tis not true that in our grief,
 Others weeping in distress,
 To our troubles bring relief,
 Making each misfortune less.

No, when sore oppress'd by fate,
 Better 'tis to sigh alone,
 Than support a double weight,
 Others sorrows and our own.

DUETTO.

For thee I live, my dearest;
 But if I meet disdain,
 For thee, my dear, I'll die.
 How lovely thou appearest,
 My blushes will explain.
 I can no more reply.
 Then hear me.

No.

Thou art———

Divide not thus my heart :
 Leave me———In pity go.
 Ye gods, that torture so,
 Some timely respite send :
 When will your rigour end ?

AIR XXVI.

The soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield :
 But if the brazen trumpets sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

CHORUS.

Live to us, to empire live,
 Great Augustus ! long may'st thou,
 From the subject world receive
 Laurel wreaths t' adorn thy brow.

DUETTO.

Of his country, ever free,
 There the royal father see !

CHORUS.

To the patron of our laws,
 Pierce the air with loud applause.

DUETTO.

Virtue in his soul resides ;
 In his truth the world confides.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

To the patron of our laws
Pierce the air with loud applause.

DUETTO.

Pity from the throne descending,
How the monarch it endears ;
When with justice mercy blending,
In the king a god appears.

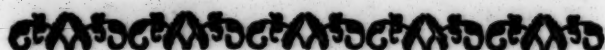
DUETTO.

Tyrants claim, with iron sceptre,
Duty which our fears impart ;
But our gentle, kind protector,
Monarch reigns o'er ev'ry heart.

CHORUS.

Live to us, to empire live,
Great Augustus ! long may'st thou
From the subject world receive
Laurel wreaths t'adorn thy brow.






T H E
S O N G S

In the OPERA of

A T H R I D A T E S.

 GUARDIAN pow'rs ! let justice plead,
Suff'ring virtue claims your aid.

A king distress'd,
By fate oppress'd,

A monarch, and his infant heir,
Sure are heav'n's peculiar care.

Ye pow'rs above,

Protect my love ;

Anxious care I then resign,
To triumph or to die is mine.

Guardian pow'rs ! let justice plead,
Suff'ring virtue claims your aid.

A I R I.

O turn—behold my streaming eyes——

Preserve, preserve thy precious life !

Nor, in one moment, sacrifice

Thy helpless child—thy hapless wife.

With

With thee hope's latest refuge goes,
 And we, a prey to cruel foes !
 Preserve—preserve, thy precious life,
 Thy helpless child—thy hapless wife.

A I R II.

Not in the splendor of a throne
 Is the hero's greatness shewn ;
 He's truly great whose steady soul
 The rage of fortune can controul.

But when a wife and child complain,
 The father's heart must sympathize in pain.
 Da Capo, Not in the splendor, &c.

A I R III.

In hope to recompense his toil,
 The labouring peasant tills the soil :
 In hope the mariner will brave
 The terrors of the Caspian wave.
 Hope cheers the slave that digs the mine,
 And makes him sigh for freedom's shrine :
 It soothes the lover, sets the captive free,
 And, tho' at distance, gives us liberty.

A I R IV.

As pilgrims stray thro' sorrow's vale,
 The chearful flow'ret hope may rise :
 But bending down before the gale,
 Stript of its bloom, it fades and dies.

A I R V.

Swift-wing'd vengeance nerve my arm,
 Ten-fold rage my bosom warm ;
 With all their fires I feel it glow,
 They bid me give the destin'd blow.

E 3

Nor

With

Nor shall a daughter's tears
 Allay the flames wherein my soul is tost ;
 All, all his race would ill repay
 My throne disgrac'd, my honour lost.

A I R VI.

A monarch's duty claims me,
 A soldier's pride inflames me !
 Curst Pharnaces ! lo, I come ;
 Prepare, prepare to meet thy doom.

A I R VII.

Save me not from slaughter's jaws,
 To stray with mangled innocence ;
 Let thy virtue plead my cause,
 Be thine honour my defence !
 Be thy triumph now beheld
 In mercy and humanity ;
 To shameful life I cannot yield,
 Free from guilt, I dare to die !

A I R VIII.

Tho' I feel the dart of love
 Deep within my bosom move,
 Passion may perplex the heart,
 Reason's balm shall heal the smart.
 Vain are beauty's radiant charms,
 Thrilling transports, soft alarms,
 Love must now resign his sway,
 Glory calls, and I obey.

D U E T T O.

That bursting tear
 What heart can bear ?
 One last adieu,
 To life and you.
 Ye pow'rs above,
 My pain remove ;

Oh,

Oh, give me peace !
 Bid torture cease,
 My queen, my wife !
 My soul, my life !
 Severe adieu,
 To part with you.

My heart thus distress'd,
 Thus by torture oppress'd,
 From pain ne'er can rest.
 No hope here can dwell ;
 My life—my soul—farewel.

A I R IX.

Where is pity's melting eye ?
 Beaming like the widow'd dove,
 As she heaves the tender sigh,
 Pining in the shady grove.
 Can I bear the barbarous knife ?
 Plunge the dagger in his breast !
 Drain the purple stream of life !
 Wretched monarch ! most distress'd !

Rise, parental fondness, rise,
 Hear, obey the soft alarm ;
 Thy infant lifts imploring eyes,
 Pity should thy rage disarm.
 Where is nature's tender call ?
 Where a father's dear delight ?
 In death the wife and infant fall,
 Buried in eternal night.

A I R X.

Death is now my only treasure,
 Death is all the gods can give,
 Fate can't rob me of this pleasure ;
 None can force the wretch to live.

Fear no more to pine and languish,
Fear no more the rack of life ;
Pain and torture, toil and anguish,
Death shall end the feverish strife.
Da Capo, Death is now, &c.

A I R XI.

Heav'n forbids th' accursed deed,
Tears the dagger from my hand ;
Can I see my infant bleed ?
Cruel fate ! severe command !

A I R XII.

Can the darling of my heart,
Can he doubt a mother's care ?
Can his mind endure a smart
Her bosom does not more than share ?
Here from cruelty secure,
Let no vain fear thy soul annoy,
The deadly gloom a while endure,
Then wake to light and new-born joy.

A I R XIII.

In this I fear my latest breath ;
Hear me, dearest mother, hear me ;
From a sad and early death,
Spare me, dearest mother, spare me.

A I R XIV.

Proud !——perverse !——
Dare not longer resist
The dictates of my royal will,
But my commands fulfil ;
Or the fury that glows in my breast

Shall

Shall burst on thy head,
 Not the thunder of heav'n, nor the horrors that
 glare
 Round the dragon, that wings thro' the air,
 Shall impress such a horrible dread !

A I R XV.

Now free from power of mortal harms,
 Thy sweet, thy guiltless soul,
 Shall dread no more the shocks of arms,
 Nor hear the thunder roll.
 O ! happy thou, who thus hast paid
 Thy debt so soon below !
 Since longer life had only made
 A longer date of woe.

A I R XVI.

Give me my child again.
 Oh, gods ! how great my pain !
 Most wretched father I !
 And must my infant die ?
 What heart so barbarous can forbear
 The heaving sigh, the bursting tear ?

A I R XVII.

Then peace shall claim the soft dominion,
 And gently sooth my throbbing heart ;
 Ambition then shall sink her pinion,
 And tyranny shall lose his dart.
 Then peace and joy shall o'er the land
 Advance together hand in hand.

A I R XVIII.

Ye pow'rs of strong and soothing sound,
 Your double force impart,
 The warrior's stubborn ear to wound,
 Or melt the father's heart.

So may you yet, with truth and love,
 Establish peace and fame ;
 While future ages shall approve
 And honour Pompey's name.

A I R XIX.

Oh, father! relent, thy rage controul ;
 Aid me, my lord, to bend his stubborn soul.
 Oh, agony of grief ! ev'n heav'n denies
 To hear a mother's pangs, an orphan's cries.
 In vain I try to sooth his soul by prayer ;
 Vain hope avaunt ! now welcome black despair.

A I R XX.

Disgrac'd with ev'ry blot and shame,
 That mean revenge and slaughter bring,
 No more usurp the sacred name,
 The hallow'd sceptre of a king.

When frantic wars no longer rave,
 'Tis his to succour and redress ;
 His sceptre is the pow'r to save,
 His crown and triumph—is to bless.

A I R XXI.

The thunder of battle prepare,
 With horror unwonted to roll ;
 Loud echoing groans thro' the air,
 Are the pleasure and pride of my soul.

See Slaughter his cavern unfolds,
 Forth issues a terrible flood ;
 While Vengeance exulting beholds,
 And smiles o'er a deluge of blood.

A I R

A I R XXII.

The guardian angel of distress,
 Prone to pity, prone to bless,
 Assists, and makes me bold.
 The tyrant's purpose I'll reveal,
 Faith and allegiance I repeal ;——
 With vice no league can hold.

A I R XXIII.

Mercy ! sacred power divine,
 From thy starry throne descend——
 Bid thy mildest influence shine,
 Bid a monarch's sufferings end.
 O ! if pity touch the skies——
 Pity sure to heav'n belongs,
 Bid his prostrate empire rise,
 Restore his throne, redress his wrongs.

A I R XXIV.

Honour ! sacred to thy cause,
 This gleamy sword I wield ;
 Not for ambition's low applause
 I brave the deadly field.

A I R XXV.

For all the woes my parents bear,
 I kneel a willing sacrifice ;
 Their virtuous hearts in pity spare,
 And let my little life suffice.

A I R XXVI.

Barbarous monster——fury fires
 Thy soul——and frantic rage inspires.
 Thy face, with frenzy wild impress,
 Reflects the hell within thy breast.
 And must a daughter's death assuage
 A cruel father's bloody rage ?

The

The royal captive, and his wife,
 Thy son, thy daughter, yield their life——
 No bear, the javelin in his breast;
 No snake, by heedless footing prest;
 No lion, roaring after blood;
 No tygress, robb'd of all her brood;
 Nor furies in the hollow hell,
 With such accursed venom swell.

A I R XXVII.

Vapours oft from earth arise,
 Veil the sun, and blot the skies,
 Yet the lamp of day returns,
 And with double lustre burns.
 So, tho' passions may controul
 My reason, and subdue my soul,
 My heart its virtue still retains,
 Spite of danger, death, and chains.
 Da Capo, Vapours oft, &c.

A I R XXVIII.

No more the pangs of grief I fear,
 Releas'd from cruel anguish——
 To heave the sigh, to drop the tear,
 Condemn'd to pine and languish.
 See! Mercy, rob'd in purest white,
 Resumes her dear dominion;
 To chase the gloomy clouds of night,
 Descends with rapid pinion.
 Pity from her throne has smil'd,
 Cheers the parent, saves the child.

A I R

A I R XXIX.

Vengeance ! stamp'd on every feature,
 Sure has quite transform'd my nature.
 Reason would in vain controul
 The furies that distract my soul.
 Flash, ye livid lightnings red !
 Thunders burst around my head !
 Celestial powers, oh end my pain !
 I call for death, let me not call in vain.

T E R Z E T T O.

Now rising o'er the gloom of night,
 The sun his orb resumes :
 The god of love asserts his right,
 And waves his purple plumes.
 Transport, rapture, young desire,
 Shall the happy pair inspire.
 Their toils are forgot,
 And peace is their lot.

Blest with beauty's radiant charms,
 The hero yields to soft alarms.

Venus, from thy Cyprian bow'r,
 Swift the toils of love repair ;
 Crown the hero, bless the fair :

Come, exert thy blissful pow'r.
 From thy starry throne above
 Descend, propitious pow'r of love.

A I R XXX.

See the purple morn arise,
 Streak with red the blushing skies ;
 Zephyr, from his balmy wing,
 Shakes the fragrance of the spring.

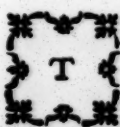
Winter's rigour now is past,
 Joy and rapture smile at last ;
 Swelling billows cease to roar,
 And die along the silent shore.

Da Capo, See the purple, &c.



T H E
S O N G S
In the OPERA of
DAPHNE AND AMINTOR.

A I R I.

 H I N K, oh ! think, within my breast,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;
And, in pity, ease my pain.
To a lover, thus distress'd,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Ev'ry moment, till he's blest'd,
Is a thousand, thousand years.

A I R II.

Ye zephyrs that fan the calm air,
Ye fountains that bubble around,
Oh ! cease my heart to wound.
Your gentle blowing,
Your murmurs, flowing,
But waken my care.
Lack-a-day,
Well-a-day,
Ah, me !
Must I die in despair ?

A I R

A I R III.

Such riot and romping, such wildness and fury,
 As if folks were just running out of their wits;
 No man shall come near us, of that I assure ye,
 Unless you restrain these extravagant fits.

Remember your strict philosophical breeding;
 Fye, fye! I'm ashamed of a girl at your age:
 Are these the effects of your study and reading,
 That every trifle your mind should engage?

A I R IV.

In vain, in search of quiet,
 From place to place I range,
 My restless cares augmenting,
 No medicine find in change.

Delights, so lately charming,
 Have lost their power to please;
 Yet something, could I find it,
 Methinks would give me ease.

A I R V.

Vainly bent to conquer nature,
 We our utmost force essay;
 What can foil her? What can cheat her?
 What her sacred powers allay?

Nothing prudent, there, nor wise is,
 Nothing stable, nothing true;
 With superior strength she rises,
 Spite of all that art can do.

A I R VI.

Say, oh! too lovely creature,
 Thou cause of all my smart,
 What means this palpitation,
 Without a feeling heart?

There's conjuration in it;
 It ceases—Then, in a minute,
 Such rapping,
 And tapping,
 As if it ne'er would rest;
 Mine too, I vow,
 I can't tell how,
 Is like to burst my breast.

A I R VII.

Howe'er you may think still to deceive me,
 And keep me confin'd like a bird in a cage;
 Kind fortune, perhaps, yet may relieve me,
 And shew you the simpleton quit with the sage.

Yes, my dear, depend on't,
 One time or other there will be an end on't;
 Some notions have ta'en me,
 That freedom will gain me,
 And matters explain me,
 More suiting my age.

First and foremost, my books I'll demolish;
 Next, all your learn'd apparatus shall go;
 Ev'ry trace of sense to abolish:
 Then judge if I'm serious or no.

A I R

A I R VIII.

Pretend no longer to restrain

The passion struggling in my mind ;
Like sprightly couriers, that disdain
The feeble curbing of the rein,
It starts, and leaves the will behind.

My pangs increase ! I'm all on fire !

Then let me to the charmer fly ;
Obtain her love, my soul's desire,
Or, at her feet, a martyr die.





T H E
S O N G S
I N T H E
S U M M E R ' s T A L E .

TELL me why thus you continue to woo
me,
Why with such obstinate suit you pursue
me ?

Ask not why thus I am fated to woo thee ?
Why with such wearisome suit I pursue thee ?

Hopeless you ply me ;
Still must I fly thee :
How can I grant what I've vow'd to deny thee ?
What tho' you fly me,
Still if I ply thee,
Pity may grant what your pride may deny me.

A I R II.
Happy, trifling, careless lover !
Think not you can touch my heart,
Till your sighs, your tears discover,
That you feel love's keenest dart.

When

When I see thee humbly lying,
 Captive of my conquering eyes,
 Weeping, sighing, fainting, dying,
 Such submission may suffice.

So severe the lover's duty ;
 Such the trophies due to beauty.

A I R III.

See how the genial god of day
 Salutes the warm, the blushing year ;
 Cheer'd by his beams, how bright, how gay,
 The fields, the groves, the flowers appear !

And hark ! in yonder vocal bower
 The turtle plies his amorous theme ;
 All nature owns love's mighty power,
 And deeply drinks the quick'ning beam.

And, tell me, do these scenes impart
 No friendly warmth to thee alone ?
 Wilt thou not give me back my heart,
 Nor yet repay me with thine own ?

Ah ! why wou'd nature make thee fair,
 And not dispose thee to be kind ?
 To love, alas ! is to despair ;
 And not to love, is to be blind.

A I R IV.

There lies your road—sweet sir, adieu !
 My daughter is no match for you :
 She's gone from home, she's sick, she's dead ;
 In short, she vows she will not wed
 To any gentleman in red.

Nay, never frown, and look so bluff;
 You're fairly sped, you've said enough.
 The man who lets fly Reynard loose,
 When once he's caught him in his noose,
 Richly deserves to lose his goose.

A I R V.

With these happy tidings fraught,
 I must hence as quick as thought;
 Ere the sun shall disappear,
 Expect to find a suitor here.

See yon aged elm around
 With the twining ivy bound;
 In that emblem you behold
 How the young adorn the old.

A I R VI.

My passion confounds me,
 Such beauty surrounds me,
 Such numberless charms!
 I gaze, I desire,
 My blood is on fire,
 Oh! come to my arms!

A I R VII.

O naughty, naughty garden!
 What ail'd me to come in it?
 I pray your worship pardon;
 I must away this minute.
 I must away:
 Farewel! good day!
 Sir Anthony, pray, excuse me,
 The more a daintier views thee,
 The surer she'll refuse thee.
 Nay, let me pass;
 Oh fie! alas!
 You'd nearly caught a fall, sir:
 Good luck! if this be all, sir,
 I'll be within your call, sir.

A I R

A I R VIII.

O love, tyrannic god! whose fatal dart
Subdues all nature to its proud controul;
I feel thy vengeful shafts transfix my heart,
And yield to thee the empire of my soul.

A I R IX.

Dear girl, never trust to thy charms,
Youth's fugitive season improve;
Oh! take the dear man to thine arms,
Nor blush at an innocent love.

Too soon and that sweet rosy bloom,
That elegant form shall decay;
That hair like the raven's dark plume
Shall be silvering over with grey.

The fops that now flutter around,
Shall find some more favourite fair;
Whilst you drop despis'd to the ground,
With envy consum'd and despair.

Then list to the counsel I give,
And be not by flatt'ry betray'd,
Lest you should be fated to live,
Like me, a neglected old maid.

A I R X.

While on earth's soft lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd snow,
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure a while appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears;
Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom bares.

Thus my foolish heart believing;
 Listen'd to his artful tongue;
 All his yows of love receiving,
 On each flattering accent hung.

Fondly for a time mistaken,
 Love and joy conceal'd my fate:
 Now, alas! at length forsaken,
 Sad experience comes too late.

A I R XI.

Why heaves my breast with frequent sighs?
 Whence rises this soft perturbation?
 In vain my heart each effort tries
 To combat its fond inclination.
 How helpless am I!
 Where shall I fly?
 Where shall poor Henry for succour apply?
 So fixt is the dart,
 Too feeble my art
 To assuage the unspeakable smart.

A I R XII.

And must we part for ever?
 Yes, we must part for ever.
 Hard fate! such friends to sever,
 So faithful and so true!
 Go, and may bliss betide thee;
 Each guardian angel guide thee:
 For evermore adieu!

A I R XIII.

O fatal day to my repose !

When first I saw the faithless fair ;
No peace my wretched bosom knows,
I love, alas ! and I despair.

A I R XIV.

A ! what can defend a poor maiden from love ?

Ye prudes, your expedient impart ;
This pleasing intruder how shall I remove,
And guard the soft pass to my heart ?

Of mothers and wives how wretched the lives !

Your's alone is the sensible plan ;
They only are blest, like you, who detest
That horrible creature call'd man.

But when at our feet the fond wretches we view,

How can one refuse 'em,

Or scornfully use 'em ?

Ah ! was it your case, ye coy virgins, cou'd you ?

A I R XV.

Ye swains so faint-hearted, who sigh for the fair,

So brim-full of love, but of money so bare ?

Ye soldiers so stout, who make slaughter your trade,

Who stand to a man, but who fly from a maid ;

Wou'd you conquer alike both the fair and the foe,

Strike home, my dear honey, and follow your
blow.

If the damsel consents, take her straight in the
mood ;

If not, gently force her, 'tis all for her good

A I R XVI.

Look back, behold !
 The shining gold ;
 Come, take, and freely use it.
 Hark ! hark, it chinks !
 Sweet sound ! methinks
 No lawyer can refuse it.

See, here's a bribe
 For half your tribe,
 And will you then be jogging ?
 'Tis generous wine,
 How bright ! how fine !
 Come, take another noggin.

I see you relent ;
 'Tis enough, be content ;
 Two such pleasing allurements what faint can
 withstand,—
 The glass at the lips, and the gold in the hand ?

A I R XVII.

'Tis agreed ; say no more,
 All my scruples are o'er ;
 I am your's, my lad, body and soul :
 Thus, for better, for worse,
 I join hands with your purse ;
 And I warrant I'll manage the whole.

Fill a glass, my brave boy !
 What is honour ?—A toy.
 What is honesty, friendship, or fame ?
 Give me gold, and all these
 I can buy when I please,
 And put beggarly virtue to shame.

Politicians, they say,
 Only struggle for pay,
 Each one puts up his conscience to sale;
 And the patriot so nice,
 When you bid to his price.
 May be yours for the turn of the scale.

Then draw out your hoard,
 Count it down on the board,
 To refuse it I won't be so mad;
 Since there can be no doubt,
 Shou'd one lawyer hold out,
 But that more of the trade may be had.

A I R XVIII.

Come, my lasses, let's be gay,
 On this our yearly holiday;
 We've reap'd, we've mown, we've hous'd our
 store;

Chor. Then freely pass the can about,
 There's day enough to see it out.

See the sun is high at noon,
 And warns us not to part so soon;
 Time enough to think of care,
 When dreaming winter shall appear.
 Chor. Then freely pass, &c.

Let every swain propose his toast,
 A health to her he loves the most,
 Then shou'd she but kiss the cup,
 What clown can chuse but drink it up?
 Chor. Then freely pass, &c.

When,

When peace and plenty crowns our isle,
 'Twere hard if Britons did not smile:
 Nature's fair example see;
 She laughs and sings, and so shou'd we.
 Chor. Then freely pass, &c.

A I R XIX.

See yon humble rustick swains,
 Resting from their daily pains;
 Look how carelessly they're laid
 In the cool and fragrant shade.

What is wealth, and fame, and power?
 Fleeting pageants of an hour:
 Blush, ambition, blush to see
 Happiness unknown to thee.

Soon as Phoebus streaks the skies,
 Fresh and light as air they rise;
 And when sinking in the west,
 Gayly sing him to his rest.

Boast not, pride, thy lofty state;
 Ah, how little are the great!
 Wretches, amidst all your cares,
 Can you find content like theirs?

A I R XX.

O fate! if so thou dost ordain,
 That I once more should view him,
 Restore him to my heart again,
 As fond as once I knew him.

But if, regardless of my pray'r,
 Thou wilt not so befriend me,
 Oh! yet preserve me from despair,
 And let this moment end me.

A I R XXI.

So profound an impression I bear
 Of the nymph who was my fond choice,
 Every nymph that I see has her air,
 Every sound that I hear is her voice !

When you sigh, I can think she was true ;
 When you smile, I could swear she was kind,
 You give all but her face to my view,
 And, alas ! I see that in my mind.

A I R XXII.

Now once again the sportive train
 Awakes to sprightly measures ;
 Gay hope succeeds, and with her leads
 A train of smiling pleasures.
 See, where the torturing furies fly,
 Pale Grief, Despair, and Jealousy,
 Of meagre cares the ghastly family.

A I R XXIII.

See, thy Henry still attends thee,
 Still thy humble friend defends thee ;
 Whither has thy reason stray'd ?
 Turn and hear me,
 Do not fear me,
 O, thou lost, thou lovely maid !

A I R XXIV.

When love at first approach is seen,
 His dang'rous form he veils ;
 A playful infant's harmless mien
 The fatal god conceals.

When soon by us, fond dupes, caress'd,
 He acts his trait'rous part,
 And as we press him to the breast,
 He steals into the heart.

A I R

A I R XXV.

Farewel, fond unhappy creature !
See, for me poor Clara dies ;
Lightning blast each murd'rous feature,
Blind these fatal, fatal eyes !

Yet what means this fond bewailing ?
Let the wretched fair one die :
If my form is so prevailing,
Nature is in fault, not I.

A I R XXVI.

And can you see your daughter kneel ?
What heart so hard as thine !
If e'er it could compassion feel,
It must at grief like mine.

You say, at your supreme command,
I must become a wife ;
Ah ! cruel, when you force my hand,
Why don't you take my life ?

A I R XXVII.

From clime to clime
Let others run ;
From rising to the setting sun,
To kill uneasy time :
With giddy, trembling haste,
Let the vain creatures fly,
To search for dear vanity,
And catch short gleams of fluctuating taste.
Fix'd to my native spot,
With ease and plenty crown'd,
Content I look around,
Nor ask of heaven a fairer lot.
No vineyards here demand my care,
No spicy gales perfume the air,

No

No citron groves arise ;
 The rugged soil,
 Hardly obedient to the peasant's toil,
 Such soft luxuriance denies :
 Yet nature, with maternal hand,
 A nobler dower has given ;
 Valour, the birthright of the land,
 And liberty, the choicest gift of heaven !

A I R XXVIII.

In vain you attempt to engage ;
 Believe me, you have not that art.
 The feeble attacks of old age
 Can never endanger my heart.

The dazzling delights that await
 Upon grandeur I need not be told ;
 You tell me, you're wealthy and great,
 'Tis true—but, alas ! you are old.

Few scruples, you'll say, have been known,
 Which gold ever fail'd to remove ;
 'Tis a pow'rful temptation, I own,
 But, ah ! what is life without love ?

A I R XXIX.

Away, dissembling lover !
 Your project I discover,
 And see thro' all your art.
 Then fly from shape to shape,
 Yet hope not to escape,
 My chains enclose your heart.

A I R

A I R XXX.

Thro' these wilds securely ranging,
Grandeur for content exchanging,
 Freely I absolve my fate ;
Here my soul, without repining,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Looks with pity on the great.

A I R XXXI.

Yes, 'tis plain, she sees me tremble,
 While I tear her from my heart.
Sure he knows I but dissemble,
 When I tell him to depart.
Love, away ! thou hast betray'd me.
Pity, hence ! Resentment aid me.
I renounce thee, venal beauty,
 Thus I tear thee from my heart.
Haughty lover, know thy duty,
 See, without a sigh I part.

A I R XXXII.

Nature, when she gave us pleasure,
Kindly to enhance the treasure,
 In her bounty gave us pain ;
 Doubts that heighten,
 Tears that brighten,
Toils, that earn what they obtain.

Nymphs a mutual flame confessing,
Damp the youth they think they're blessing ;
 He cannot love, who don't complain.

A I R XXXIII.

When a maid's in the mind to marry,
He's an ass that thinks she'll tarry ;
Take my word, there's no time to dally,
Pr'ythee, don't stand shilly, shally,

Shilly,

Shilly, shally, foolish man !
Should she look before she leaps, fir,
Or not wed before she sleeps, fir.
You are left in the lurch ; all is over !
She is fled to some happier lover,
And you may go hang, foolish man !

A I R XXXIV.

O think not that Paddy will palter,
Because he has broke a rogue's pate ;
The man that's afraid of a halter,
Deserves not so lofty a fate.
O'Connor, so nobly descended,
Will never so meanly descend ;
For why, when my life it is ended,
Why then of my life there's an end.

A I R XXXV.

Vain attempt to rail at pleasure,
Leave the world to rail at leisure ;
Sour ill-nature, far away !
Innocence is always gay.
Others lives severely noting,
Every error gladly quoting,
Age, I leave that task to thee :
What are others faults to me ?

A I R XXXVI.

Parents think our inclination
Ne'er should fix till they approve ;
Lost to every soft sensation,
They forget what 'tis to love.
Void of ev'ry generous passion,
Lovers now with fordid art,
(Such the world's disgraceful fashion !)
Woo the interest, not the heart.

Thou

Thou alone, alike regarding
 Wealth and titles with disdain,
 Worth with equal worth rewarding,
 Lov'st, and art belov'd again.

A I R XXXVII.

When a freak has got in
 Such a head for plotting,
 Can a simple maid withstand?
 With such art assailing,
 You are so prevailing,
 I must yield both heart and hand.

With a mate so loving,
 All my ways approving,
 O how blest will be my lot?
 If I seem too easy,
 'Tis my zeal to please you;
 Think of that, and scorn me not.
 Nay, never doubt; here's my hand.—I consent:
 How bashful you stand!—'Tis too late to repent.

A I R XXXVIII.

Give me back my heart, seducer!
 Thus my freedom I regain;
 Fury tempts me to accuse her;
 Pride forbids me to complain.
 Thus I tear my chains asunder:
 How can heaven withhold its thunder?
 See, she triumphs in my pain!

A I R XXXIX.

When my children are wedded all and gone,
 With a this way, that way, and every way;
 And a happy day will be that day,
 When they've left me to myself alone,
 With a this way, &c.
 And I wou'd they were gone every one.

Then

Then will I seek out for a wife,
 With a this way, &c.
 And a happy day will be that day,
 When I renew a wedded life.
 With a this way, &c.
 For every way I'll please my wife.

But should she prove wayward, pert, and bold,
 With a this way, &c.
 What a luckless day would be that day,
 When I lighted first upon a scold,
 With a this way, &c.
 Ah! what way's left for me, that am old?

A I R XL.

You love, and are belov'd again.
 You love, alas! but love in vain.
 The grove—the garden was the scene.
 You've been to blame——
 Oh! fie for shame,
 With hairs so grey to wear a head so green.

Your maid is fled—Your mistress gone:
 Yet both the losses are but one.
 I, who conceal'd her, can restore.
 Lament!—Rejoice!
 Here is my choice!
 Come take, Oh! take, and never quit me more.

A I R XLI.

Happy nation! who possessing
 Nature's gifts in full increase,
 Sees around thee every blessing,
 Scenes of plenty, scenes of peace.
 Chor. Happy nation, &c,

Fields

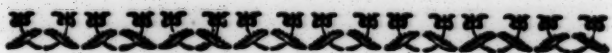
Fields where golden Ceres waving,
Glistens in the ripening sun ;
Streams their fertile borders laving,
Scattering riches as they run.
Chor. Happy nation, &c.

Meads, where flocks and herds disporting,
Gaily paint the chequer'd vale ;
Groves, where happy shepherds courting,
Softly breathe their amorous tale.
Chor. Happy nation, &c.

Cooling zephyrs, gently blowing
Fragrance from the flow'ry plains,
Temperate skies, serenely glowing,
Virtuous nymphs and valiant swains.


Chor. Happy nation ! who possessing
Nature's gifts in full increase,
Sees around thee every blessing,
Scenes of plenty, scenes of peace.





T H E
S O N G S
I N
T H O M A S A N D S A L L Y .

A I R I .

 T H E echoing horn calls the sportsmen
abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and
away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of
the hounds

Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

R E C I T A T I V E.

In vain I strive my sorrows to amuse ;
 Stubborn they are, and all relief refuse.
 What med'cine shall I fly to, or what art ?
 Is there no cure for a dissemper'd heart ?

A I R II.

My former time how brisk, how gay !
 Oh, blith I was as blith could be :
 But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day !
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Tho' all their arts are lost on me ;
 For I to death can love but one,
 And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light's return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she ;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

A I R III.

That May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show ;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,
 In singing, and crying—heigho ?

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her tune your pipe when 'tis low ;
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
 And never sit crying—heigho.

Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know ;
 Then ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—heigho.

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 But no one will mind your—heigho.

A I R IV.

Were I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, I ask not wealth,
 Grant me but innocence and health.
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

A I R V.

When I was a young one, what girl was like me?
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
 A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas this, sir—and that, sir—but scarce ever
 nay;

And Sundays, drefs'd out in my silks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
 Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone,
 Egad, I've a tongue, and I paid him his own.
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
 tow'rd,
 Stand firm to our charter, and have the last word.

G

But.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago.
 This Time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his
 dart :

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others, I once did myself.

A I R VI.

Life's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth ;
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure,
 But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste ;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

A I R VII.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamp's transmit the sun's bright blaze ?
 Oh, no——then say how shall I,
 In words be able to express
 My love ?—It burns to such excess,
 I almost die for Sally.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph, to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam :
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley !
 O ! follow Love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally,

A I R VIII.

Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd ;
 Fine clothes you shall flash in, and rant it away.
 I'll give you this purse too, and, hark you, beside,
 We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's
 day.

Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,
 Oh, should hapless Sally consent to be naught ;
 Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;
 The heart's not worth gaining which is to be
 bought.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue ;
 But know, above scandal you then shall be put,
 And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
 At draggle-tail chastity walking a-foot.

If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,
 My coyness and modesty were but ill shewn ;
 Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy,
 But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

Leave morals to grey beards, those lips were design'd
 For better employment.

I'll not be a whore.

Oh fie, child! love bids you be rich, and be kind.

But virtue commands me, be honest and poor.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Avast, my boys, avast, all hands on shore;

Mess-mates, what cheer? Old England, hey!
once more.

I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice:

Out with your presents, boys, and take your
choice.

I've an old sweetheart—but look—there's the
town:

Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

A I R IX.

From ploughing the ocean, and threshing Moun-
feer,

In Old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave comrades;—halloo, boys,
what cheer

For a sailor that's just come a-shore?

Those heftoring blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—Morbleu!

But hold there, avast, they were plaguily out;
We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right;

The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've



You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
 Your damn'd party and idle contest;
 And let all your strife be, like us, honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering gipsies look to't;
 Sound bottoms they'll find us, in every respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
 Have more art to persuade, and the like:
 But 'ware those false colours, for better for worse,
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
 Of no power, no faction afraid;
 May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

A I R X.

All you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
 Learn how the affair's to be done;
 For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
 that,
 As far as you please, you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a
 pat,
 But jilt you as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
 But mark you the consequence, mun ;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun ;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
 out ;
 But mum——she's as sure as a gun.

A I R XI.

Auspicious spirits guard my love,
 In time of danger near him hide ;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.

And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,
 Like airs, that o'er the garden sweep ;
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave,
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till halcyon peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

A I R XII.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pangs they never felt ;
 I speak without disguise or art,
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

Let

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie ;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

For this the sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
All dripping wet wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes ;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind ;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.



T H E



T H E
S O N G S
In the O P E R A of the
R O Y A L S H E P H E R D.

A I R I.

W E L L I know, thou friendly strain,
What thy gentle murmurs mean.
In their accents soft they say,
Why does Eliza keep away?

A I R II.

To the wood, the field, the fountain,
To the lawn, the dale, the mountain,
I my darling flock will guide,
With Amintas by my side.

Humble though our cottage be,
Ever dwelling there, we'll see
Constancy, with pleasure join'd,
Innocence, with peace of mind.

A I R III.

A shepherd tho' I am, what then?
That shepherd's state so low,
I'd not exchange for rule o'er men,
Or wish more great to grow.

But

But if, against my own desire,
Heav'n should exalt my state,
Heav'n will exalted thoughts inspire,
And fit me to be great.

A I R IV.

Thus a cloud, expanding wide,
From the earth the sun may hide,
And, with lightning fraught around,
Menace the dry parched ground.

Till with watry vapours fill'd,
Forc'd at length its stores to yield,
It dissipates in kindly rain,
And fertilizes all the plain.

A I R V.

Why ask me, fairest, if I love?
Those eyes, so piercing bright,
Can every doubt of that remove,
Nor need you other light.

Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its workings see;
Ere since they play the conqueror's part,
And I no more was free.

A I R VI.

The many dreadful storms blown o'er,
Already I've forgot,
My lover's looks the calm restore,
And peace is now my lot.
What tho' a while my stars severe
My quiet did annoy;
My heart, that shudder'd then with fear,
Is fluttering now with joy.

A MARCH

A M A R C H.

Attend, Agenor, on our sov'reign will ;
 Aminta's virtues call him to the throne,
 The gods by me confer it ; have him crown'd :
 The crown will take new lustre from his virtues.
 By heav'n ! it more delights my tow'ring soul,
 To beckon modest merit from the shade,
 And bless a nation with his royal worth,
 Than see Darius tumbling from his throne,
 And all his Asian empire laid in ruin.

S O N G.

Ah ! say, from whence arise,
 Say ye who know it best,
 These tender, heaving sighs,
 These tumults in my breast ?
 This soft, consuming flame,
 That thrills thro' all my frame.

A I R VII.

The homage now his right has prov'd,
 To me he's ever dear ;
 Him whom a shepherd much I lov'd,
 A king I now revere.

His virtues call'd him to the throne,
 And millions bless the choice,
 Great Alexander did alone
 Confirm the nation's voice.

C H O R U S.

Let us in jocund song resound
 The good Aminta's happy fate ;
 May such worth be ever crown'd,
 And those as virtuous be as great.

DUETTO.

D U E T T O.

Go reign.—The throne awaits my love ;
But, oh ! if that can be,
Preserve your heart for me.
Tho' I should reign, I'll faithful prove ;
Yes, on the throne you'll find
Your shepherd ever kind.

A I R VIII.

Come, ye hours, with joy replete,
Oh, bear me to Eliza's feet.
Cease, ye feather'd choirs, your strains ;
Your chearful notes augment my pains.
Come, ye hours, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Love, jealousy, and care distract my soul !
A thousand struggling passions rend my breast !
Imperial toil, and disappointed love,
Full fraught with scorpions in my tortur'd soul !
I cannot bear th' intolerable load.
Give me Eliza, gods ! or let me die.
Banish'd her sight, life is protracted pain.

A I R IX.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Not Eliza's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind,
Nor her form, the boast of nature,
'Twas alone her spotless mind.
Not on beauty's, &c.

A I R

A I R X.

Tim'rous fair, no more debate ;
 Resign thyself to fate.
 Thy passion quite disclaim,
 Suppress the tender flame.
 Mine burns till fortune move
 Some pity from above.

A I R XI.

Tell, oh ! tell, my lover true,
 What I, in vain, should strive to say ;
 Well my heart is known to you,
 Its sentiments do you convey.
 What my soul feels, can I explain,
 When all expression 'tis above ?
 But you know my cause of pain,
 And know, besides, what 'tis to love.

A I R XII.

Barbarian, can you see my pain,
 Thus parted from my love,
 And grant me not some light to gain,
 That may my doubts remove ?
 Can you then see me so distress'd,
 And yet not pity shew ?
 What heart must dwell in such a breast,
 Unmov'd at so much woe !

A I R XIII.

When Peace waves her ensigns of snow o'er the
 land,
 And Commerce approaches in triumph the strand,
 Let the brave, to whose valour the prospect we
 owe,
 Be rewarded, and share in the blessings which
 flow.

When

When the soul-firring drum, and the trumpet of
war,
With the clangor of arms, are banished far;
Be the soldier remember'd who valiantly fought,
Our ease, wealth, and pleasure his gallantry taught.

A I R XIV.

Ye gods! to me, a lowly plant,
O give improvement scope,
That fully I may answer, grant,
My cultivator's hope.
Nor let me now, set in rich land,
Forget my native wood;
Much less the kind, parental hand,
Whence flow'd my present good.

A I R XV.

If happiness through me they gain,
I have not conquer'd then in vain,
'Tis o'er the hearts I wish to reign.
The greatest glory I've in view,
From victory, is good to do.

A I R XVI.

Thus the sailor's eyes aghast,
The terrors of the roaring blast,
The swelling surge, and crashing mast;
In death he hopes to lose his fears,
But ah! to me no hope appears,
To calm my soul, and end my fears.

A I R XVII.

When lowly on the rural plain,
I watch'd my fleecy care,
With smiles she cheer'd the humble swain,
Nor scorn'd my vows to hear.

H

Shou'd

Shou'd kings possess a worthless mind,
 Or bear a treach'rous heart ?
 Our souls by love alone were join'd,
 And death alone shall part.

A I R XVIII.

Husband, indeed, and lover too,
 From faith I ne'er will swerve,
 But constantly with ardor true,
 My heart for her preserve.
 And justly too, for while she's kind,
 My soul, that's all her own,
 No sov'reign joy, no bliss can find,
 Except in her alone.

A I R XIX.

I from my shepherd ever part !
 O no, forbid it, love.
 He cannot have so hard a heart,
 My death 'twould surely prove.
 While then another has my swain,
 You bid me comfort take,
 And with false pity of my pain,
 A cruel sport you make.

A I R XX.

If you yourself give me away,
 And in another's name enthrall me,
 In what am I to blame, I pray ?
 Why do you cruel call me ?
 My patience your example be,
 Who, left, don't yet complain,
 Nor offer to insult, you see,
 And call you faithless swain.

A I R XXI.

Propitious heav'ns! who're pleas'd each day
 Fresh laurels to impart,
 Second, moreo'er, I ardent pray,
 Th' impulses of my heart.
 If I a star of glory blaze,
 Rais'd by your pow'r divine:
 O grant that of such star the rays
 For gen'ral good may shine!

A I R XXII.

Vows of love will ever bind
 Men who are to honour true;
 They possess a savage mind,
 Who deny the fair their due.
 Scorn'd, detested may I be,
 When I from Eliza part;
 Thrones, and regal dignity,
 Can't corrupt my faithful heart.

A I R XXIII.

Transporting joys elate my mind!
 Who can their bliss compare
 With what this hero has assign'd
 To be our copious share?
 Ye pow'rs divine! O lend me aid,
 My grateful heart to shew;
 If gifts so great can be repaid,
 I pray to teach me how.



T H E
S O N G S

In the ENGLISH OPERA of

M I D A S.

A I R I. King of Prussia's march.

Chorus of all the gods.



O V E, in his chair,
Of the skies lord-may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe ;
When he winks
Heaven shrinks,
When he speaks
Hell squeaks,
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule,
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate ;
His bald pate

Jove

Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheefe,
 To stir must cease,
 Nor gnaw.

A I R II. To its own tune.

To happy ignorance
 Connubial peace is owing :
 'Tis a curse to be too knowing ;
 Best let things take their chance.
 A busy curiosity
 Produces endless evils ;
 It turns the gods felicity
 To sharpest pangs of devils,
 Supplying food to jealousy.

A I R III. Shaan Bwee.

Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wrong my chaste love ;
 For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial defrauded.
 I'll ferrit the haunts
 Of your female gallants,
 In vain you in darkness enclose them ;
 Your favourite jades
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

A I R IV. There was a jovial beggar.

No difference of character,
 Vice, virtue—idle dreams !
 For lewd or chaste, or foul or fair,
 Must then be only names,
 When a sporting all may go, may go, may go, &c.

Screen'd from the husband's jealous eyes,

All love, all free as air,

No wanton need to fear surprise :

Oh, what a life were there !

When a sporting, &c.

Then hey for trumps, for matadores,

And rare fanfrendre voles ;

Old maids will fly, when past amours,

To dear quadrille by shoals,

And a gambling, &c.

A I R V. To its own tune.

Be by your friends advised,

Too harsh, too hasty dad !

Maugre your bolts and wise head,

The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,

His roaring bucks, when drunk,

Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,

And stagger to some punk.

A I R VI. Hang me, if I marry.

With fun my disgrace I'll parry,

While here on earth I tarry,

With the nymphs in my way

I'll kiss and play,

But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry.

With the nymphs, &c.

Let the sky go to wreck, and miscarry,

Without my luminary,

Pol here will stay,

To kiss and play,

To toy, but never marry—toy, but never marry.

Pol here will stay, &c.

A I R

A I R VII. To its own tune.

Since you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog,
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
 Fa, la, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage,
 Butter, milk, and oaten bread,
 Fa, la, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your strum.
 Fa, la, la.

A I R VIII.

If the swain we sigh for press us,
 Oh, how pleasing 'tis to please !
 If the fright we loath address us,
 How delightful 'tis to teize.

A I R IX. Mirleton.

If I cannot plague the lubber,
 Now I have him in my crib,
 If, when he begins to blubber,
 I can't soothe, or laugh, or fib,
 Doom'd for life I may be
 To play with my baby,
 And to wear a slabb'ring bib.

H †

A I R

A I R X. Three sheep-skins.

Girls are known
 To mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle :
 Who would rear
 Two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle :
 For here they skip,
 And there they trip,
 And this and that way fiddle.
 For here they skip, &c.

Giddy maids,
 Poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding ;
 They flirt pell-mell,
 Their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding.
 To ev'ry fop
 They're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.
 To ev'ry fop, &c.

A I R XI. A tune in Queen Mab.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of
 your tongue.

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak, the pre-
 judice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise ?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me ;

If you cast me

Off, you blast me,

Never more to rise.

Pray, goody, please, &c.

A I R

A I R XII. Fanny's fairer than a flower.
 Wretched he, whose pain or pleasure
 Hangs on faithless woman's mind ;
 Such the merchant's state, whose treasure
 Swims the sport of tide and wind.
 Female likings are unsteady
 As the veering weather-cock.
 Mifs, for new addressees ready,
 Shifts her lover, like her smock.

A I R XIII. To a French tune, A la Sante
 du Pere d' Oleron.
 Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross ?
 Shall a peasant mix, when justice Midas woos,
 Her nose up at him tofs ?
 No, I'll kidnap—then possess her ;
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in ex-
 change,
 So glut, to the height of pleasure,
 My love and my revenge.
 No, I'll kidnap, &c.

A I R XIV. Sheelagh na Guig.
 Jupiter wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky,
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life ;
 I have my lass
 And my glass,
 And strole a bachelor's merry life.
 Let him fluster
 And bluster,

Yet cringe to his harridan's furbellow.
To my fair tulips
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.
Jupiter wenches, &c.

A I R XV. Tune in pantomime of Fortunatus.

All around the May-pole how they trot!

Hot-

Pot

And good ale have got ;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

All around the May-pole, &c.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad ;

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The doxies

As he did the dad.

All around the May-pole, &c.

A I R

A I R XVI. My wife's a galloping, &c.
 Shall he run away with the lasses,
 By his trills, and his flurs, and his graces,
 From me, who at fairs and horse-races,
 Have pip'd to the laird of the clan?
 A fribble!—If I can but catch him,
 I'll pummel—I'll pinch and I'll scratch him,
 I warrant I'll make him not match him—
 Self as a musician with Pan.

A I R XVII. Sheelagh na Guiragh.
 Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
 To see my purposes thus counter-acted!
 This way, or that way, or which way soever,
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.
 Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame,
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame,
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

A I R XVIII. Tune, Planxty Johnston.
 When at your foe
 A mortal blow
 You aim,
 Your scheme
 Let him not know.
 To gain your end,
 You must pretend
 Sincerely,
 And dearly,
 To be his friend,
 Till he ceases of your love to be doubtful.
 Your game to play,
 The sailors say,
 Look one, but row another way.

The

The dean, to fish up
 Lawn sleeves, and be bishop,
 Says no to the mitre that would fill his wish up.
 And puffy
 Can counterfeit sleeping ;
 When mousiey
 Steals tip-a-toe creeping ;
 Then winking,
 And blinking,
 She catches,
 Dispatches,
 And swallows him up at a mouthful.

A I R XIX. From tree to tree.
 To blast a rival's happiness
 We ev'ry art employ ;
 And scarcely can our own success
 Convey a purer joy.

A kind of victory we feel,
 If she no triumph gain ;
 Deny'd a real bliss, we steal
 False pleasure from her pain.

A I R XX. To a French tune, Quand on
 scait aimer et plair.
 He's as tight a lad to see to
 As e'er stept in leather shoe ;
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.
 Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do.
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy ;
 I'm the girl he means to woo.
 He's as tight, &c.

Hither

Hither I stole out to meet him,
H'll no doubt my steps pursue ;
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him ;
If he's false, I'll fit him too.
If he's false, &c.

A I R XXI. When on thy dear bosom lying.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish ;
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish ;
One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you
He not long needs sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.
Did you know, &c.

A I R XXII. The priest in his boots.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bag-pipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

A I R

A I R XXIII. An Italian tune of Pescetti.

Neatest,
Compleatest,
And sweetest
Dear Fubsy.
This is
A crisis,
When Myfis
Crofs snubs !
Could brave and stay.

Yet your
Good nature,
Kind creature,
Her malice
Guessing,
Our blessing
Suppressing,
Might gaul us,
Therefore away.

A I R XXIV. A French tune, Assis sur
l'Herbette.

In those greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine,
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine !
But, my sister,
Ah ! he kist her,
And me he pass'd by :
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.
I'm jealous, &c.

A I R

A I R XXV. The lottery.

O, what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground !
O, what pleasures, &c.

Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife's laid in the ground.
Let earth, &c.

Oh, how happy should I be,
Would little Nyfa pig with me !
Oh, how happy, &c.

How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her !
Would little Nyfa pig with me.
How I'd mumble, &c.

A I R XXVI. A pantomime tune.

Ne'er will I be left i' th' lurch ;
Cease your bribes and wooing,
Till I'm made a bride i' th' church,
I'll keep man from doing.

What are riches,
And soft speeches ?
Baits and fetches,
To bewitch us.
When you've won us,
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us,
Frowning on us,

For our easy cooing.
Can your palace, plate, or coach,
Can your diamonds glitt'ring,
Bridle the tongue of foul reproach ?
Gibbers will be titt'ring.

Then

Then, poor stumbler,
 How't must humble her,
 (If a fumbler
 She lets tumble her)
 When, in her hearing,
 Whisp'ring, sneering,
 Chatt'ring, swearing,
 Hissing, tearing,
 Gall'ry, box, and pit ring.

A I R XXVII. Larry Grogan.

If into your hen-yard
 The treacherous Reynard
 Steals sily, your poultry to ravage, to ravage,
 With gun you attack him,
 With beagles you track him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.

So Pol, who comes picking
 Up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scruple to banish, to banish;
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him,
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish, shall
 vanish.

A I R XXVIII. Tune in Fortunatus.

Strip him,
 Whip him,
 Let his shoulders feel your lash on't.
 Clip him,
 Rip him,
 Folly now to be compassionate.

If

To wi

If such a little dapper,
Pert, faucy whipper-snapper,
Sileno's understrapper,
Slily

Simp'ring,
Whimp'ring,
Of your dear Nyfa beguile ye—

Sniv'ling,
Driv'ling,

Will but disgrace and defile ye.

Vigour,

Rigour,

Hurry,

Flurry,

Are the measures fittest for ye.

My plots private

You'll connive at ;

'Thus we gain the point we drive at :

Or by covert

Practices, or overt.

AIR XXIX. Tune, Nanny of the Hill.

Since first those eyes enflav'd my heart,

In size I'm waited half—

My looks betray my inward smart,

Ah cruel, cruel Daph.

Ah cruel ! ah cruel ! ah cruel, cruel Daph.

Inhuman maid, my sighs you scout,

My tears but make you laugh ;

Yet, at first sight, an upstart lout

Has nabb'd my fickle Daph.

Ah fickle ! ah fickle ! ah fickle, fickle Daph.

How can you on my courtship frown,

My wealth despise as chaff,

Yet suffer such a clumsy clown

To win and tickle Daph?

To win and tickle, to win and tickle Daph.

AIR

If

A I R XXX. A French tune. Tourlerette.
 Yes, your wealth I hold at nought,
 Daphne's heart shall ne'er be bought;
 Ne'er to church haste,
 Bafely purchas'd
 By a rich ninny;
 Who, to keep her chaste,
 Would lock her up like his guinea.

In your pain my pleasure is,
 Jealous dolt, I hate your phiz;
 Hissing gander,
 My Philander
 Scorns your aspersion.
 Pitiful slander
 Renders you more my aversion.

A I R XXXI. Farewel the hills and vallies.
 By whining,
 Pining,
 Sighing,
 Coquettes are never won;
 But fright 'em,
 Spite 'em,
 Slight 'em,
 Into your arms they run.
 A coward,
 How hard
 Toward
 His foe it is to push!
 Restrain him,
 Rein him,
 Train him,
 He's mad on death to rush.

A I R

A I R XXXII. When that I was a little tiny
boy.

When gathering clouds obscure the sky,
With a crash, crash,
Flash and flash,
The thunders roll, and the lightnings fly;
Then rain—and all is lullaby.
So when a vixen's passions swell,
Tongue all ire,
Eyes on fire,
Bosom rent by fiends of hell,
At length tears stream—and all is well.

A I R XXXIII. To an Italian opera tune.
The wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps,
With howlings fills the forest,
Their murderer tracks with shrillest yelps,
All food neglecting or rest.

So my revenge Pol shall pursue,
I'll closely watch his waters,
Till at the gallows-tree he rue
The wrongs he did my daughters.

A I R XXXIV. When fairies dance round on
the grass.

When fairies dance round on the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon,
Each elf with his tight little lads
Trips to the pale light of the moon.

If't chance that the grey dawn of day
Peep in on their frolicks too soon,
In fright they all scuttle away,
And follow the glimpse of the moon.

A I R XXXV.

O yes, O yes, O yes, this is to give notice,
 Lost or mislaid,
 Or stol'n or stray'd,
 From the regions over head,
 Or reel'd down to earth, when maudlin,
 A finical,
 Coxcombical,
 Pert, smock-fac'd, young godling ;
 He deals
 In spells,
 And fortunes tells,
 Goes snacks
 With quacks,
 And trades
 With jades,
 Prying,
 Spying,
 Pratt'ling,
 Tatt'ling,
 Up stairs, down stairs, ratt'ling.
 His carotty locks
 As red as a fox ;
 As a switch tall and thin,
 Ne'er a rag to his skin,
 And answers to the name of Apollo.

A I R XXXVI. Kiss me fast, my mother's
coming.

Fine times ! when each little,
 Pimping, upstart, court lick-spittle,
 Worth disgrac'd dares hack and whittle,
 Shafts of malice throwing.
 See the game-cock's crest with mud upon't ;
 Strait the dunghill breed grows proud upon't,

Each

Each bare beak
 Its spleen will wreak,
 All clapping wings, and crowing,

A I R XXXVII. Nancy Dawson.
 The gods were all call'd in to see
 How fond a husband Jove could be ;
 He storm'd, she laugh'd, yet roguishly
 Pretended to conceal it.

His fury rose to such a pitch,
 He call'd her lewd, case-harden'd witch,
 Swore, to his girls he'd stick like pitch,
 And wench in open day-light.

A I R XXXVIII. Baaltiorough.
 Mark what I say, you'll repent if
 Conscience's qualms you attend to ;
 You a great shire's representative,
 And not one job for a friend do ?
 Ronze up, nor thus your grave noddle shake,
 Fob off this tatterdemallion ;
 We'll stick to Pan, his party take,
 For Pol's a paltry rascallion.

A I R XXXIX. To its own tune.
 If in the courts your suit depend,
 Or a cause you'd fain do hurt in,
 Be sure you make the judge your friend,
 By a tip behind the curtain.
 Then decree goes
 Plump against your foes,
 Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.

A I R

A I R XL. Ligurum Cufs.

As soon as her cloating piece fairly is sped,
 Do you make your push, and a stout one :
 For now she has got a sweetheart in her head,
 She'll never be easy without one ;
 Rever'd by the shepherds, carefs'd by the nymphs,
 Nor dread or remorse shall come o'er us ;
 At lessions, in spite of the law and its imps,
 We'll kick the whole country before us.

A I R XLI. Kettle Bender.

What the devil's here to do,
 Ye logger-heads and gypsies ?
 Sirrah you, and hussyey you,
 And each of you tipsey is.
 But I'll sure pull down your pride as
 A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

C H O R U S A L L.

O, tremendous justice Midas !
 Who shall oppose wise justice Midas ?

A I R XLII. To its own tune.

Now I'm seated,
 I'll be treated
 Like the sophy on his throne ;
 In my presence
 Scoundrel peasants
 Shall not call their souls their own.
 My behest is,
 He who best is
 Skill'd, be fix'd musician chief ;
 Ne'er the loser
 Shall shew his nose here,
 But be transported like a thief.

A I R

A I R XLIII.

A pox of your pother about this or that,
 Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat;
 I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol;
 So here goes a set-to at toll de roll loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would
 hamper,
 And after miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper,
 Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
 Pray what's all this fufs for, but—toll de roll loll?

Mankind are a medley,—a chance-medley race;
 All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chace.
 There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
 And luck's the best tune of life's toll de roll loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too
 long;
 I only meant life is but an old song.
 The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
 Where all act the scene of—toll loll de roll loll.

A I R XLIV.

Ah, happy hours ! how fleeting
 Ye danc'd on down away,
 When, my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay.

But from her charms when sunder'd,
 As Midas' frowns presage,
 Each hour will seem an hundred,
 Each day appear an age.

A I R

A I R XLV. To various tunes.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass :
Thy scurvy decree
For Pan, against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.



T H E

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T H E
S O N G S
In the MASQUE of
C O M U S.

S O N G I.

NOW Phoebus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipfy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

S O N G II.

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What has night to do with sleep?

I

Night

Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love :
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G I I I .

From tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own ;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G I V .

Nymphs and shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawn,
 Lighter than the bounding fawn.
 Frolick, buxom, blithe and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

S O N G V .

By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play.
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G VI.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By flow meander, margent green,
 Or in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's har-
 monies.

S O N G VII.

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
 Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what
 you gave.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair:
 There night out-shines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.

SONG VIII.

O best of joys the spotless mind can know!
To taste its own secure delight;
Joys which still from virtue flow,
Radiant source of pleasures bright!

'Tis hers, when dangers wild and fears alarm,
To spread a sun-shine o'er the breast;
Safe from perils, safe from harms,
Virtue finds a peaceful rest.

SONG IX.

Fame's an echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble:
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain
Fame's uncertain smile to gain?
Like her sister Fortune blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.

SONG X.

Would you taste the noon-tide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round,

Round, the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone——and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G XI.

Live, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow virtue fright.
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay and free.

S O N G XII.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony live here.
No domestick jealous jars,
Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
In my presence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.

A BALLAD.

On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung,
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade :
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

A BALLAD.

The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts :
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel

Farewel lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
 If I'm scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease :
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me——whilst he can.

S O N G XIII.

Nor on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding from their gaudy pride ;
 Nor with swains in syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair ;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil, and care ;
 So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

S O N G XIV.

Preach not me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care ;
 They only live, who life enjoy.

SONG XV.

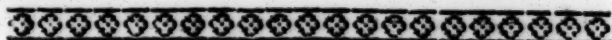
Ye fauns, and ye dryads, from hill, dale, and
 grove
 Trip, trip it along, conducted by love ;
 Swift resort to Comus' gay court,
 And in various measures shew love's various sport.

Now lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings, sound ;
 Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.
 Now, now with quick feet, the ground beat, beat,
 beat ;
 Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, &c.

Now cold and denying,
 Now kind and complying,
 Consenting, repenting,
 Disdaining, complaining,
 Indifference now feigning.
 Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.

SONG XVI.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where dwells the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azure sheen
 Of Turkcois blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays ;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread :
 I am here.



T H E
S O N G S
In the O P E R A of
L I O N E L A N D C L A R I S S A.

A I R I.

at.
t,
H! how delightful the morning,
A How sweet are the prospects it yields!
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be grateful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ;
Kind nature gives, and reason
Permits us to enjoy.

A I R II.

HE
To rob them of strength, when wise nature thought
fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound,

Sound, sound then the trumpet, both sexes to
arms!

Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.

A I R III.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass,
And I did as younkers did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

A I R IV.

Zounds, sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things which I hate and detest:
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-fop,
Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop;
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit,
All fashion, no weight,
Who shrugs and takes snuff,
And carries a muff;
A minikin,
Finikin,
French powder-puff:
And now, sir, I fancy I've told you enough.

A I R

A I R V.

When a man of fashion condescends
 To herd among his country friends,
 They watch his looks, his motions ;
 One booby gapes, another stares,
 And all he says, does, eats, drinks, wears,
 Must suit their rustic notions.

But as for this brutish old clown here,
 S'death ! why did I ever come down here ?
 The savage will now never quit me :
 Then a consort to take,
 For my family's sake,
 I'm in a fine jeopardy, split me !

A I R VI.

Immortal powers, protect me,
 Assist, support, direct me,
 Relieve a heart oppress'd.
 Ah ! why this palpitation ?
 Cease, busy perturbation,
 And let me, let me rest.

A I R VII.

I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, ma'am ;
 But was I a lady like you, ma'am,
 In grief would I sit ! the dickens a bit ;
 No, faith, I would search the world thro', ma'am,
 To find what my liking could hit.

Set in case a young man
 In my fancy there ran,
 It might anger my friends and relations ;
 But if I'd a regard,
 It should go very hard,
 Or I'd follow my own inclinations.

A I R

A I R

A I R VIII.

You ask me in vain,
 Of what ills I complain,
 Where harbours the torment I find ?
 In my head, in my heart,
 It invades ev'ry part,
 And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
 Ev'ry med'cine apply,
 The pangs of my soul to appease ;
 But doom'd to endure,
 What I mean for a cure,
 Turns poison, and feeds the disease.

A I R IX.

Ah ! pr'ythee, spare me, dearest creature !
 How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature ?
 Kneeling before me,
 Should I hear him implore me,
 Could I accuse him,
 Could I refuse him
 The boon he should ask ?
 Set not a lover the cruel task.

No. believe me, my dear,
 Was he now standing here,
 In spite of my frights and alarms ;
 I might rate him, might scold him,
 But should still strive to hold him,
 And sink at last into his arms.

A I R X.

Hope and fear alternate rising,
 Strive for empire o'er my heart ;
 Ev'ry peril now despising,
 Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach,

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me
 How to stem this beating tide :
 If you've any rules to reach me,
 Haste, and be the weak one's guide.

Thus our trial's at a distance,
 Wisdom, science, promise aid ;
 But in need of their assistance,
 We attempt to grasp a shade.

A I R XI.

Yes, she is fair, divinely fair,
 And softer than the balmy air
 That vernal Zephyr blows :
 Her cheeks transcend the rose's bloom,
 And sweeter is the rich perfume
 Her ruby lips disclose.

Fly swift, oh love, and in her ear,
 Whisper soft, her lover's near,
 Full of doubt, and full of fear ;
 If my rashness should offend,
 Intercede,
 My pardon plead,
 Her angry brow unbend.

A I R XII.

To be made in such a pickle !
 Will you please to lead the way, sir ?

No, but if you please you may, sir,
 For precedence none will stickle.

K

Brother,

Brother, no politeness? Bless me!
Will you not your hand bestow?
Lead the lady.

———Don't distress me:
Dear Diana, let him go.

Ma'am permit me.

———Smoke the beau.

Cruel, must I, can I bear?

Oh, adverse stars!

O fate severe!

Beset, tormented,

Each hope prevented!

None but the brave deserve the fair.

Come, ma'am, let me lead you.

Now, sir, I precede you.

Lovers must ill usage bear.

Oh adverse stars! oh fate severe!

None but the brave deserve the fair.

A I R XIII.

Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that would I own:
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.

A I R XIV.

Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool!
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.

Eie,

'Fie, let me go, fir.
Kiss me!—No, no, fir.

You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make?

I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, fir,
Nor will I be tame, fir.
Lord, have you no shame, fir,
To tumble one so?

A I R XV.

How cursedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter!
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.

What a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill-natur'd fox,
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

A I R XVI.

Come then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.

With their humours, thus to teize us,
Men are sure the strangest elves!
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.

A I R XVII.

Hence with caution, hence with fear,
 Beauty prompts, and nought shall stay me;
 Boldly for that prize I steer,
 Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.

Yet, rash lover, look behind,
 Think what evils may betide you;
 Love and fortune both are blind,
 And you have none else to guide you.

A I R XVIII.

I wonder, I swear,
 How women can bear
 A fop, that himself still admires;
 Mere puppets for play,
 Of papier maché,
 Without either soul or desires.

One's pos'd in one's aim
 To give them a name,
 Things of such equivocal growth;
 No master or miss,
 But 'twixt that and this,
 Ridiculous copies of both!

A I R XIX.

Ah! how weak is inclination?
 Fain I would yet more explain;
 But you see my agitation,
 And will you spare my tongue the pain?

Help, and force, at once forsake me,
 On your kindness I depend,
 Since your wife you cannot make me,
 Make, O make me, sir, your friend.

A I R

A I R XX.

In Italy, Germany, France I have been,
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs
I've seen ;

The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me,
Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

And now shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me,
Presume to refuse me ?
She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,
I'm pleas'd, I declare ;
Quite happy to think I escape from the snare.
Serviteur, mam'selle ; my claim I withdraw.
Hey ! where are my people ? fal, la, la, la, la.

A I R XXI.

Oh ! ladies, lovely creatures,
Your wit, your shape, your features,
Are all divine :
But still changing, feigning,
The man who seeks your meaning,
Goes out the sea to fathom,
Without lead or line.

Your charms are form'd to please us,
You spread the lure to seize us ;
And when we get
Into the net,
Why then you vex and tease us.

A I R XXII.

Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow fly,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us,
To a port of joy and rest.

A I R XXIII.

O what a night is here for love !
Cynthia brightly shining above ;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling,
Stars a twinkling.

O what a night is here for love !
So may the morn propitious prove.

And so it will, if right I guess ;
For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.
Farewel, my friend ;
May gentle rest
Calm each tumult in your breast,
Every pain and fear remove.

What have I done ?
Where shall I run ?
With grief and shame at once oppress !
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distressed ?

Hark

Hark to Philomel, how sweet !
From yonder elm,

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.
O what a night is here for love !
But vainly nature strives to move.
Nor nightingales among the trees,
Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
Nor murmur'ing streams,
Nor Phœbus' beams,
Can charm, unless the heart's at ease.

A I R XXIV.

Ah ! how cruel the reflection,
Woman once to error led,
Ev'ry eye wakes for detestation,
Ev'ry tongue the tale to spread.

Vainly is her fault lamented,
By the poor, misguided fair ;
That with caution had prevented,
Penitence can ne'er compare.

A I R XXV.

To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm ;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds th' alarm ;
But dauntless goes,
Among his foes,
In Cupid's militia ;
So fearless I issue,
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pee,
Resolve on death or victory.

A I R XXVI.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fust should be made,
 For my part, I'm neither asham'd nor afraid
 Of what I have done, nor of what I have said.

A servant, I hope, is no slave;
 And tho' to their shames,
 Some ladies call names,
 I know better how to behave.
 Times are not so bad,
 If occasion I had,
 Nor my character such I need starve on't:
 And for going away,
 I don't want to stay;
 And so, I'm your ladyship's servant.

A I R XXVII.

Bear, oh bear me, of a sudden,
 Some kind stroke of smiling chance,
 From this land of beef and pudding,
 To dear Italy, or France.

I'm sick to the soul,
 Politicks and sea-coal,
 Have given me the vapours;
 Their cursed news-papers,
 Their mobbing,
 Stock-jobbing,
 Are horrors to me!
 I wish the whole island was funk in the sea.

A I R XXVIII.

Girls like squirrels oft appear
 In their cages pleas'd with slav'ry,
 But, in fact, 'tis all but knav'ry,
 Less thro' love than out of fear.

Only

Only on their tricks relying,
 Let them out, their bonds untying,
 And you'll see the matter plain.
 Once there's nought their flight to hamper,
 Presto—whisk-away they scamper,
 Never to return again.

Would you manage lasses rightly,
 You must watch them daily, nightly,
 Shut them close, and hold them tightly;
 Never loose an inch of chain.
 Freedom run-aways will make 'em,
 And the devil can't o'ertake 'em.

A I R XXIX.

Why with sighs my heart is swelling?
 Why with tears my eyes o'erflow?
 Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
 Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a stranger,
 Vent'rous tempts th' inconstant seas,
 In each billow fancies danger,
 Shrinks at every rising breeze.

A I R XXX.

When love gets into a youthful brain,
 Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain:
 Prudence may cry, do so;
 But if love says no,
 Poor Prudence may go,
 With her preaching
 And teaching,
 To Jericho.

Dear sir, in old age,
 'Tis not hard to be sage,
 And 'tis easy to point the way ;
 But do or say
 What we may,
 Love and youth will have their day.

A I R XXXI.

O dry those tears ! like melted ore,
 Fast dropping on my heart they fall ;
 Think, think no more of me ; no more,
 The mem'ry of past scenes recal.

On a wild sea of passion tost ;
 I split upon the fatal shelf :
 Friendship and love at once are lost,
 And now I wish to lose myself.

A I R XXXII.

O bliss unexpected ! my joys overpower me !
 My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find !
 Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me——
 He bless'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.
 He bless'd us ! O rapture !—like one I recover,
 Whom death had appall'd, without hope, with-
 out aid ;
 A moment depriv'd me of father and lover ;
 A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.
 Forsaken, abandon'd——
 ——What folly, what blindness !
 We fortune accus'd ;
 ——And the fates that decreed :
 But pain was inflicted by Heaven out of kindness,
 To heighten the joys that were doom'd to
 succeed.

Our

Our day was o'ercast ;
 But brighter the scene is,
 The sky more serene is,
 And softer the calm for the hurricane past.

A I R XXXIII.

Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
 Shed your influence o'er us,
 Crown with bliss the present hours,
 And lighten those before us.
 May the just, the gen'rous kind,
 Still see that you regard 'em ;
 And Lionels for ever find
 Clarissas to reward 'em.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of sacred passion ;
 But will never bow before
 Those idols, Wealth or Fashion.
 May, like me, each maiden wife,
 From the fop defend her ;
 Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
 And scorn the vain pretender.

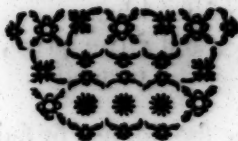
Why the plague should men be sad,
 While in time we moulder ?
 Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy will quickly find us ;
 Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
 And cast our cares behind us.

How shall I escape ?—so naught,
 On filial laws to trample ;
 I'll e'en curtsy, own my fault,
 And plead papa's example.

Parents,

Parents, 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are shameless;
Oft transgress—the thing's too true—
But are you always blameless?

One word more before we go;
Girls and boys, have patience:
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind gentlemen address—
What tho' we forgave 'em?
Still they must be lost, unless
You lend a hand to save 'em.





THE
SONGS
In the OPERA of the
PADLOCK.

AIR I.

HOUGHTS to council—Let me see—
T Hush—to be, or not to be,
A husband, is the question.
A cuckold, must that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.
But fear makes the danger seem double.
Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
My peace, should I venture to try you?
My doors shall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;
No male in my house,
Not so much as a mouse:
Then horns, horns, I defy you.

AIR

A I R II.

I know the world, sir, tho' I say't:

I'm cautious and wise,
And they who surprize,
My prudence nodding,
Must sit up late.

Never fear, sir,
Your safety's here, sir ;
Yes, yes,

I'll answer for miss.

Let me alone ;

I warrant my care
Shall weigh to a hair

As much as your own.

A I R III.

Say, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah ! whither, would you wing

Your airy flight ?

Stay here, and sing,

Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go.

Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me ?

A I R IV.

By some I am told,

That I'm wrinkled and old ;

But I will not believe what they say.

I feel my blood mounting

Like streams in a fountain,

That merrily sparkle and play.

For

For love I have will,
And ability still;
Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

A I R V.

Was I a shepherd's maid, to keep,
On yonder plains, a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

A I R VI.

Yes, she is fair, divinely fair,
And softer than the balmy air,
That vernal zephyr blows;
Her cheeks transcend the rose's bloom,
And sweeter is the rich perfume
Her balmy lips disclose.

Fly swift, O love, and in her ear
Whisper soft, her lover's near,
Full of doubt, and full of fear.
If my rashness should offend,
Intercede,
My pardon plead,
Her angry brow unbend.

A I R VII.

Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed.
Night and day 'tis de same,
My pain is dere game;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah come, sirrah go,
Do so, and do so.
Oh! Oh!

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

A I R VIII.

O thou, whose charms enslave my heart!
In pity hear a youth complain.

I must not hear—dear youth, depart—
I'm certain I have no desert,
A gentleman like you to gain.

Then do I seek your love in vain?

It is another's right.

—————And he,
Distracting thought! must happy be,
While I am doom'd to pain.

Come round, young man, I've been to try.

And so have I.
I'm sure the wall is not too high.

If you please,
You'll mount with ease.

Can you to aid my bliss deny?
Shall it be so?
If you say no,
I will not go.

I must consent, however loth :
But whenever we desire,
Make him promise to retire.
Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

By your eyes of heavenly blue ;
By your lip's ambrosial dew ;
Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend ;
Your voice, the music of the spheres——

Lord o'mercy, how he swears !
He makes my hairs
All stand an end !

Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.
Let's be happy while we may :
Now the old one's far away,
Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play ;
Harmless pleasure, why delay ?

A I R IX.

When a woman's front is wrinkled,
And her hairs are sprinkled
With grey,
Lackaday !
How her lovers fall away !

Like

Like fashions past,
 Aside she's cast,
 No one respect will pay:
 Remember,
 Ladies, remember,
 And while the sun shines make hay;
 You must not expect in December
 The flowers you gather'd in May.

A I R X.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,
 Hear de sweet guittar a clinking:
 When a string speak,
 Such moosic he make,
 Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.
 Wid' de toot, toot, toot,
 Of a merry flute,
 And cymbalo,
 And tymbalo,
 To boot.
 We dance and we sing,
 Till we make a house ring,
 And, tied in his garters, old massa may swing.

A I R XI.

In vain you bid your captive live,
 While you the means of life deny;
 Give me your smiles, your wishes give
 To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
 Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;
 Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
 And me exist depriv'd of you.

A I R XII.

Oh me, oh me, what shall we do !
 The fault is all along of you :
 You brought him in, why did you so ?
 'Twas not by my desire, you know.

We have but too much cause to fear
 My guardian, when he comes to hear
 We've had a man with us, will kill
 Me, you, and all ; indeed he will.
 No penitence will pard'n procure ;
 He'll kill us every soul, I'm sure.

A I R XIII.

O wherefore this terrible flurry ?
 My spirits are all in a hurry !
 And above and below,
 From my top to my toe,
 Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,
 Goes thumping,
 And jumping,
 And thumping :
 Is't a spectre I see ?
 Hence, vanish, ah me !
 My senses deceive me,
 Soon reason will leave me :
 What a wretch am I destin'd to be !

A I R

A I R XIV.

Then must I go ?

Yes, good fir, yes.

A parting kiss !

No, good fir, no.

It must be so.

By this, and this,
Here I could for ever grow :
'Tis more than mortal bliss !

Well now, good night ;
Pray, ease our fright.
You're very bold, fir ;
Let loose your hold, fir.
I think you want to scare me quite.

Oh, fortune's spight !

Good night, good night.
Hark ! the neighb'ring convent's bell
Tolls, the vesper hour to tell.
The clock now chimes ;
A thousand times,
A thousand times farewell !

A I R

A I R XV.

Go forge me fetters that shall bind
 The rage of the tempestuous wind ;
 Sound with a needle full of thread,
 The depth of ocean's steepy bed ;
 Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree,
 Quench Ætna with a cup of tea ;
 In these manœuvres shew your skill,
 Then hold a woman, if you will.

Permit me to put in a word ;
 My master here is quite absurd.
 That men should rule our sex is meet,
 But art, not force, must do the feat.
 Remember what the fable says,
 Where the sun's warm and melting rays,
 Soon bring about what wind and rain,
 With all their fufs, attempt in vain.

And, massa, be not angry, pray,
 If neger man a word should say :
 Me have a fable pat as she,
 Which wid dis matter will agree.
 An owl once took it in his head,
 Wid some young pretty bird to wed ;
 But when his worship came to woo,
 He could get none but de cuckoo.

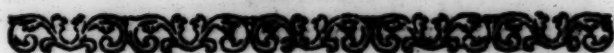
Ye youth select, who wish to taste
 The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,
 Ne'er let the mistress and the friend,
 In abject slave and tyrant end.
 While each with tender passion burns,
 Ascend the throne of rule by turns,
 And place (to love, to virtue just)
 Security in mutual trust.

To sum up all you now have heard,
 Young men, and old, peruse the bard;
 A female trusted to your care,
 His rule is pithy, short, and clear.
 Be to her faults a little blind,
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind.



T H E

Hither
 With y
 Chac
 Music
 Raise h
 Duln



T H E
S O N G S

In the Dramatic Romance of

C Y M O N.

A I R I.

W H A T is knowledge, and beauty, and
power ?
Or what is my magical art ?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make the youth kind,
Have pow'r o'er his mind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold heart ?
O! no—a weak boy all my magic disarms,
And I sigh all the day with my pow'r and my
charms.

A I R II.

Hither, all my spirits, bend,
With your magic powers attend,
Chace the mists that cloud his mind :
Music melt the frozen boy,
Raise his soul to love and joy ;
Dulness makes the heart unkind.

A I R

A I R III.

O! why will you call me again?
 'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;
 The pow'rs of a god
 Cannot quicken this clod,
 Alas!—it is labour in vain.
 O! Venus, my mother, some new object give her;
 This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

A I R IV.

You gave me, last week, a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it!
 Oh how did it flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

A I R V.

Oh liberty, liberty! dear happy liberty!
 Nothing's like thee;
 So merry are we,
 My linnet and I,
 From prison we're free,
 Away we will fly
 To liberty, liberty!
 Dear happy liberty!
 Nothing's like thee!

A I R VI.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,
 Whose heart is as sound
 And cheeks are as round,
 As round and as red as a cherry.

A I R VII.

I laugh and sing,
 I am blithsorn and free ;
 The rogue's little sting
 It can never reach me :
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,
 Or so blinking is he,
 He can't pierce my buff,
 Or he misses poor me.
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 He misses poor me.

O, never be dull
 By the sad willow tree :
 Of mirth be brim full,
 And run over like me.
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Run over like me.

A I R VIII.

This love puts them all in commotion ;
 For preach what you will,
 They cannot be still,
 No more than the wind or the ocean.

A I R IX.

All amaze !
 Wonder, praise !
 Here for ever could I gaze !
 Creep still near it,
 Yet I fear it ;
 I can neither stay nor go :
 Can't forsake it,
 Dare not wake it ;
 Shall I touch it ?—No, no, no !

A I R X.

Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey ;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

A I R XI.

Take this nosegay, gentle youth.
 And you, sweet maid, take mine.
 Unlike these flowers be thy fair truth.
 Unlike these flowers be thine.

These

These changing soon,
Will soon decay,
Be sweet till noon,
Then pass away.

Fair for a time their transient charms appear;
But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

A I R XII.

What exquisite pleasure!
This sweet treasure,
From me they shall never
Sever.

In thee, in thee
My charmer I see;
I'll sigh, and caress thee,
I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever, and ever.

A I R XIII.

Hence every hope, and every fear!
Awake, awake, my power and pride;
Let jealousy, stern jealousy appear,
With vengeance at her side.

Who scorns my charms, my power shall prove.
Revenge succeeds to slighted love!
Revenge!—But oh, my sighing heart
With rebel love takes part;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears.

A I R XIV.

These flowers, like our hearts, are united in one,
And are bound up so fast, that they can't be un-
done;

So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
There springs from their union a tenfold delight.
Nor poison nor weed here, our passion to warm;
But, sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

A I R XV.

O why should we sorrow, who never knew sin?
Let smiles of content shew our raptures within.
This Love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air:
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain.
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair;
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

A I R XVI.

When I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are, truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!

When I were fair, — tho' now so so,
No hearts were given to rove;
Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
But all was faith and love.
Now what can a woman do?
For men are, truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!

A I R.

A I R XVII.

If she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
 Tho' great and important his trust is,
 His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
 Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows
 weak,
 For love thro' his veins will be creeping;
 And his worship, when near to a round, dimple
 cheek,
 Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

A I R XVIII.

From duty if the shepherd stray,
 And leave his flocks to feed,
 The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
 And innocence will bleed.

In me a harmless lamb behold,
 Opprest with ev'ry fear;
 O guard, good shepherd, guard your fold,
 For wicked wolves are near.

A I R XIX.

Sing high derry, derry,
 The day is our own;
 Be wise and be merry,
 Let sorrow alone;
 Alter your tone
 To high derry, derry,
 Be wise and be merry,
 The day is our own.

A I R XX.

While mortals charm their cares in sleep,
 And demons howl below,
 Urganda calls us from the deep :
 Arise, ye sons of woe !
 Ever busy, ever willing,
 All these horrid tasks fulfilling,
 Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,
 And make their torments like our own.

A I R XXI.

When peace here was reigning,
 And love without waining,
 Or care or complaining,
 Base passions disdaining,
 This was my way :
 With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh down the day,
 Nor envy'd the joys of a neighbour.

Now sad transformation
 Runs thro' the whole nation ;
 Peace, love, recreation,
 All chang'd to vexation ;
 This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh down the day,
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

A I R

A I R XXII.

Tax my tongue ! it is a shame :
 Merlin, ~~sure~~, is much to blame,
 Not to let it sweetly flow.
 Yet the favours of the great,
 And the silly maiden's fate,
 Often follow, yes or no.
 Lack-a-day,
 Poor Fatima !
 Stinted so,
 To yes or no.

Should I want to talk and chat,
 Tell Urganda this or that,
 How shall I about it go ?
 Let her ask me what she will,
 I must keep my clapper still,
 Striking only yes or no.
 Lack-a-day,
 Poor Fatima !
 Stinted so,
 To yes or no.

A I R XXIII.

This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd.
 In vain against merit and Cymon I strove ;
 What's life without passion—sweet passion of
 love ?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow ;
 From youth that is frost-nip'd no raptures can
 flow :

Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;
 What's life without passion—sweet passion of
 love ?

The

The spring should be warm, the young season be
 gay,
 Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet
 May :
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove ;
 What's life without passion——sweet passion of
 love ?

A I R XXIV,

Come on, come on,
 A thousand to one,
 I dare you to come on.
 Tho' unpractis'd and young,
 Love has made me stout and strong ;
 Has given me a charm,
 Will not suffer me to fall ;
 Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,
 To guard my precious all.

A I R XXV.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they
 take her ?
 To death they shall bear me,
 To pieces shall tear me,
 Before I'll forsake her !
 Tho' fast bound in a spell
 By Urganda and hell,
 I'll burst thro' their charms,
 Seize my fair in my arms ;
 Then my valour shall prove,
 No magic like virtue, like virtue and love !

A I R

A I R XXVI.

Tho' still of raging winds the sport,
 My shipwreck'd heart shall gain the port;
 Revenge, the pilot, steers her way.
 No more of tenderness and love,
 The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the dove,
 And thinks of nothing but her prey.

A I R XXVII.

Tho' various deaths surround me,
 No terrors can confound me;
 Protected from above,
 I glory in my love!
 Against thy cruel might,
 And in this dreadful hour,
 I have a sure defence,
 'Tis innocence,
 That heav'nly right,
 To smile on guilty power!

A I R XXVIII.

Each shepherd again shall be constant and kind,
 And ev'ry stray'd heart shall each shepherdess find.

If faithful our shepherds, we always are true;
 Our truth and our falsehood we borrow from you.

C H O R U S.

Happy Arcadians, still shall be;
 Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

Let those, who the sword and the balance must
 hold,
 To int'rest be blind, and to beauty be cold.
 When justice has eyes, her integrity fails,
 Her sword becomes blunted, and down drop her
 scales.

C H O R U S.

(178)

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians, still shall be ;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

The bliss of your heart no rude care shall molest,
While innocent mirth is your bosom's sweet guest ;
Of that happy pair let us worthy be seen,
Love honour, and copy your king and your queen.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians, still shall be ;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

Let love, peace, and joy still be seen hand in hand,
To dance on this turf, and again bless the land.

Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store ;
For Cymon with Sylvia can wish nothing more.

Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store ;
For Cymon with Sylvia } can wish nothing more.
For Sylvia with Cymon }

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians, still shall be ;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.



FAVOURITE




FAVOURITE SONGS

SUNG BY

Miss CATLEY, Mr. TENDUCCI,
Mr. PERETTI, and OTHERS.

SONG I.

A decorative floral ornament consisting of a central circle with the letter 'V' inside, surrounded by a wreath of leaves and flowers.

AIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour,
Born just to bloom and fade;
Nor less weak, less vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit,
The shadow of a shade.

SONG II.

Vent'rous, lo ! I spread the sail,
Steering where patriot Virtue guides;
That marks my passage, points the gale,
And pilot at my helm presides.

With steadfast heart I quit the shore,
Nor man's assistance deign to court,
The star of mercy goes before.
In promise of a better port.

SONG

S O N G III.

Gentle youth, O tell me why
 'Tears are starting from my eye ?
 When each night from you I part,
 Why the sigh that rends my heart ?
 Gentle youth, O tell me true,
 If it is the same with you ?

Tell me, when sharp pains I feel,
 Pungent as the wounds of steel,
 When love pierces to the heart,
 Why I blest the pointed dart ?
 Gentle youth, O tell me true,
 If it is the same with you ?

Tell me, when th' appointed hour
 Calls me to the secret bow'r,
 Blushing, trembling, why I run,
 Earlier than the rising sun ?
 Gentle youth, O tell me true,
 If it is the same with you ?

S O N G IV.

O, Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence could ease me, when nothing can
 please me ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
 clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing, and primroses spring-
 ing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell ;
I'm fash'd with their scorning, baith evening and
morning :

Their jeering goes oft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myfell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,
But, quick as an arrow, haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

SONG V.

Sweet are the pleasures,
Rich are the treasures,
That succeed to pain and care !
So tempests ending,
Phœbus ascending,
Rises doubly bright and fair.

Think war a trouble,
Think fame a bubble,
Shun, ah ! shun the flattering chace ;
Time's still destroying,
Without enjoying ;
Virtue alone is worthy your embrace.

SONG VI.

Give to joy the gliding day,
Drive dull care and thought away,
Seize the pleasures on the wing,
Pleasure knows no second spring.
What is life without enjoying ?
Toil and trouble, still annoying.

M

Weave

Weave the light fantastic measures,
Hail the sparkling blue-ey'd pleasures ;
Live to-day, and banish sorrow,
Mortals, think not of to-morrow.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand,
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſs'd,
Thro' the force, and thro' the wile,
Of unbleſs'd enchanter vile.

S O N G VII.

From grov'ling care and low deſire,
Mortals, bid your thoughts aſpire ;
Scorn ambition, wealth, and pow'r,
Glitt'ring phantoms of an hour!

See the radiant realms of light
Shine with dazzling glories bright.
Virtue points the bliſſful road,
Guides you to the bleſs'd abode.

S O N G VIII.

What heart but owns fair virtue's pow'r ?
Cheering ſtill each dark diſtreſs,
She wings with peace the mortal hour,
And crowns our wiſhes with ſucceſs.

Not ſweet ſummer's purple treaſures,
Lending fragrance to the year,
Yield ſuch bright, ſuch bliſſful pleaſures,
As when virtue's charms appear.
Da Capo, What, &c.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
Exalt the choral voice ;
Vice in confusion flies,
And virtue gains the prize.

S O N G IX.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,
Listen and ſave.

D U E T T O.

Propitious pow'r,
Fron. coral bow'r,
Oh ! haſte to aid
Th' imprifon'd maid.

My throne I leave,
The fair to ſave
From fatal harms.
And magic charms.

From realms of light
We urge our flight,
To ſuccour, bleſs,
And aid diſtreſs.

SONG X. Belleisle March ; or, the Review.

All hail to the king,
 That in youth's early spring,
 Such a promise of glory displays ;
 May his race still extend,
 Freedom's cause to defend,
 And the fame of old England to raise.
 May our Edwards of old,
 And our Harrys so bold,
 In his issue again be renew'd ;
 That our sons on the main
 May their empire maintain,
 And commerce be in safety pursu'd.

With many a scar,
 Behold, from the war,
 The brave legions of Britain advance :
 From Minden they come,
 Swell the fife, beat the drum,
 From Minden, the terror of France.
 See the brave hardy crew,
 As they pass in review,
 How they smile on the king's royal train ;
 When these, their looks say,
 Call us forth, we obey,
 And we'll fight all our battles again.

From the east to the west,
 British valour confess,
 Standeth first on the records of fame ;
 Let Williamsdorf plain,
 And the borders of Spain,
 British faith, British courage proclaim.

From

From the dangerous sword
 Of oppression restor'd,
Fair Freedom again shall display
 In safety her wings,
 For protection, while kings
Grateful homage to Britain shall pay.

The feats that were done
 By Philip's mad son,
 Were but trifles to glories like these ;
 For ambition he fought,
 And the lust only sought,
Of his blood-thirsty rage to appease ;
 But Britons, more brave,
 Draw the sword but to save
From such tyrants the right of mankind ;
 And the weapon again,
 When their end they obtain,
Is in peace to the scabbard consign'd.

A full flowing glass,
 Now to Granby we'll pass,
And to each valiant leader beside ;
 Nor forget the brave crew,
 That with hearts firm and true,
For their country all dangers defy'd :
 Let the drum beat a charge,
 And the nation at large,
Rend the wide-vaulted sky with their song,
 Till Echo the sound
 From her grotto rebound,
And the loud gratulation prolong.

SONG XI. May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light ;
 To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's watchful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May—when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new dress'd green ;
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay :
 Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen,
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

SONG XII. Sung in the character of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in the pantomime of the Humours of Dublin.

Tune, Shawn Bwee.

He that thinks the attack of an Irishman slack,
 Lord help him, but little he knows us :
 The fair and the foe, oh ! we lay their heads low,
 If in love or in fight they oppose us :
 For in all kinds of wars, or of Cupid or Mars,
 Our courage and weapons are ready ;
 True to the back-bone, we give them their own,
 Our motto is, Willing and steady.
 With my duddaroo, smallaloo, bow wow wow,
 whack.

SONG XIII. The Four Misses.

Tune, Balance a Straw.

To think on one's follies sometimes is but right,
 And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got
 by't :

How many ways mortals pursue after bliss !

But still the genteelest is keeping a miss.

The prudent are constant to one and no more,

But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four ;

I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a
 rake,

Miss Fortune, Miss Conduct, Miss Chance, and
 Miss Take.

Four jilts so destructive, four brimstones so bad,

By Jove, were sufficient to drive a man mad :

Tho' jealousy oft make the fair disagree,

Yet these all united in kindness for me ;

In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,

And seem'd to spread flow'rs of delight in my
 way.

So simple was I, I'd have dy'd for the sake
Of Miss Fortune, Miss Conduct, Miss Chance,
and Miss Take.

At length fair Discretion, with Reason combin'd,
Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind :
" You've surely not got 'em for better for worse ;
" Get at once into business, you'll get a divorce."
I thought 'twas my duty to part with 'em too,
Because they so long had detain'd me from you :
And now, do but buy, and I'll ever forsake
Miss Fortune, Miss Conduct, Miss Chance, and
Miss Take.

S O N G XIV. Sung by Sir Callaghan
O'Brallaghan in Love-a-la-mode.
Tune, Fire away Casey.

Who ever did hear of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle, in love or in battle ?
They are a'ways on duty, and ready for beauty,
Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle.

By day and by night they love and they fight ;
They're honour's defender, they're honour's de-
fender :
The foe and the fair, they always take care
To make them surrender, to make them sur-
render.

S O N G XV. Sung by the same.
Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night ;
I sing of a woman, of such flesh and blood,
That a touch of her finger would do your heart
good.
With my fal derol, derol, &c.

Ten

Ten times in a day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion—but can't—I'm struck
dumb :

For Cupid he seizes my heart with surprise,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her
eyes.

Your little dog Pompey's my rival, I see ;
You kiss him, and hug him, but frown upon me.
Then pr'ythee, dear Charlotte, abuse not your
charms ;
Instead of your lap-dog, take me to your arms.

SONG XVI. Sung by Venus in the Dargle.
How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Now Cupid and Hymen in concert agree !
We revel all day in sport and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night.

D U E T.

SONG XVII. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.

Since pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,
In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best ;
Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile ;
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll keep up the chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul :
If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach ;
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha—ha—ha—ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance.
Mirth, play thou the fiddle, I'll warrant I'll
dance :

But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there ;
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha—ha—ha—ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world, in defiance of strife ;
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life :
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste.
Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from a
flaw,
Swell round the gay chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

S O N G XVIII. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.

Like a wood-nymph in form, and Diana in mind,
To rural delights lovely Daphne inclin'd ;
Sequester'd from man, from the gay and polite,
Groves, fountains, and meadows, could only in-
vite.

How strange that a virgin, so modell'd for love,
Should thus frown averse, and its joys disapprove,
And vow she would never be married.

When Sol drove his chariot thro' morn's golden
gate,
Or when, clad in purple, the sun sat in state ;
With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,
And, looking a goddess, trace nature's vast skill ;
By innocence guarded, contented and free,
Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we,
That never, that never were married !

But

But once, as the charmer her pleasure began,
 A satyr in mind, tho' in form he was man,
 Surpris'd her alone—and began to be rude,
 Till Strephon advanc'd, and the monster subdu'd :
 Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,
 And she said to herself—(but the hint was from
 love)

Methinks I could like to be married.

Then Strephon, who lov'd the dear creature before,

His passion avow'd—could the shepherd do more ?
 Yes, he could—and he did—but what ? you will
 say :

Why, he led her to church—and not led her
 astray.

Now friendship and love all their pleasures pro-
 long ;

She sings like a wood lark, and this is her song,
 I'm glad to my heart that I'm married.

S O N G XIX. Sung by Miss Brent, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

T'other day, as I sat in the sycamore shade,

Young Damon came whistling along,

I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !

And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie ! what a flutter is here !

Young Damon designs you no ill ;

The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,

Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and kneel'd down at my
 feet ;

One kiss he demanded—no more :

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardor so sweet,

I could not begrudge him a score..

My

My lambkin I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times, as we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
 round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
 For shelter I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

S O N G XX. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

Sure never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me!
 From morning till night I could never be free;
 The charms of young Phillis ran in my head,
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;
 So schem'd a contrivance, her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd or to conquer or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young
 Prue,
 And Phillis had left, her own schemes to pursue;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more
 kind,
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.
 I catch'd

I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best :
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if you can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

SONG XXI. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

Last week in the grove
 I met with my love,
 Who hastily bid me be gone :
 I ask'd for a kiss,
 She took it amiss ;
 Her answer was, " Let me alone."

Fy, fy, Phillis, fy,
 What makes you so shy ?
 I answer'd in passionate tone :
 But still she reply'd,
 " You must be deny'd,
 " So leave me, and let me alone."

" I know that you men
 " Are false, nine in ten,
 " I never reflected till now :
 " No longer pursue,
 " But cease to subdue ;
 " You shall not deceive me, I vow."

I told her, for life
 I'd make her my wife,
 And swore to be true o'er and o'er,
 That I'd virtue and youth,
 Love, honour, and truth,
 And what could she wish to have more ?

" If

“ If that’s your intent,
“ I give my consent ;”
She cry’d, “ to the priest let’s be gone.”
I led her away,
She’s happy and gay,
Nor longer cries, “ Let me alone.”

SONG XXII. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.

In days of yore, when on the plain
Queen Mab, with all her Fairy train,
In sportive gambols took delight,
By Cynthia’s borrow’d silver light,
If e’er our grandames did amiss,
The punishment, ye fair, was this.

Was lady Mary ever known
To toy with Celadon alone ;
Did avarice her bosom fill
With passion strong for dear quadrille ;
Or did her heart for dancing beat ;
’T hen blister’d were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,
Her petticoat too short before,
Or if, to catch the gazer’s sight,
She us’d the arts of red and white ;
The little spiteful pigmy crew,
Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy days we fix,
The British dames of sixty-six
Are not afraid of rigid elves,
They know no guardians but themselves ;
The tell-tale race at length subdu’d,
Hear me, nor think the lesson rude.

Since

Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one is pleasure mad,
 This method I should think the best.
 To keep a Fairy in your breast,
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far,

S O N G XXIII. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

By the sky-lark awak'd to the sweets of the morn,
 From the bud of the rose to the blossoming thorn,
 Thro' the copses, the meadows, the vallies I stray,
 And all nature looks warmly to welcome the May.

All, all except Jane, the fair plague of my heart,
 Insensible she' both to nature and art;
 In vain chaunt the warblers of ev'ry green spray,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.

In vain of the softer ideas I preach,
 In vain would I lessons of harmony teach;
 She heeds not thrush, linnet, or nightingale's lay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.

In vain do the shepherds and milk-maids advance,
 In vain is the song, the pipe, tabor, and dance;
 In vain are the fields all enamell'd and gay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.

What pity a gem of such lustre should be
 Encrusted by pride to such a degree!
 O love! let her feel what I suffer one day,
 Ere she finds it too late for to welcome the May.

SONG XXIV. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.

Ere Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding
flow'r,
Or blue-bells are robb'd of the dew,
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jes'mine each other shall greet,
And mingle to copy thy hue ;
The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you !

With sweets of thy breath the hedge-vi'let shall vie
But weakly, and pay it its due ;
The thorn shall be robb'd of the sloe for thine eye,
Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare
The truth of my well-belov'd she,
Whose hands, if to touch it bold shepherds should
dare,
Would shrink from all others but me.

SONG XXV. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.

The gentle swan with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And falling down the silver tide,
Divides the whisp'ring waves :
The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be ;
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendant nest the view'd,
 That held her callow young.
 Tho' dear to her maternal heart
 The genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale,
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale.
 My vital blood would be thus froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair ;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair.
 May they of our connubial love
 A happy omen be ;
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

S O N G XXVI. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

Ye ladies, who drive from the smoke of the town,
 So whimsical, frolick, and gay :
 Ye neat country lasses, in clean linen gown,
 As blith and as pretty as they ;
 Here Fannus invites pleasure's paths to explore,
 And Care on his crutches has limp'd from the
 door.

Here

Here zephyr's light pinions waft odours around,
 Selected from valley and hill;
 The god of the woodlands has hallow'd the
 ground,
 And health is a tenant at will.
 No lily or rose in the soil can appear,
 So freshly they bloom in the cheeks of the fair.

Here Colin, should Damon his province invade,
 Each obstacle soon may remove;
 The clack of the mill, and the bubbling cascade,
 Will soften the tale of his love:
 Thus baffling his rival, with arm round her
 waist,
 The slighted becomes the dear fav'rite at last.

How sweetly the muses in harmony join,
 To cheer the brisk lad and his lass;
 Now free-hearted toppers exult in their wine,
 And kiss the sweet lips of the glass.
 Then banish excess, which alone can destroy
 Those innocent pleasures which Britons enjoy.

SONG XXVII. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at
 Vauxhall-Gardens.

As Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air!
 He met a young lass, who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care.
 He ask'd her what made her so moaping and sad.
 'Twas pity, if she were in pain:
 She sigh'd, " I have lost the veriest, best lad!
 " And I never shall see him again."

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,

Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so?

Or else, where on earth he can never appear,

Where you and I surely must go?

"No, he's fled," she reply'd, "with another
fond she,

"Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,

"O'er the mountains he's gone with another from
me,

"And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give
o'er,

He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;

Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched
no more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain:

But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,

Whom fortune has thrown in your way,

I'll sooth all your grief, and I'll banish your
smart;

Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
song;

Her face look'd no longer despair:

He whisper'd of love, as they saunter'd along,

And she thought him a lad worth her care.

She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,

And Jockey perceiving her kind,

More pressing was grown, and the lass was less
coy:

So he drove the false loon from her mind.

SONG XXVIII. Sung by Miss Brent, at
Vauxhall.

Young Damon strives my love to gain,
He sighs, he sickens, but in vain,
His looks express a heart-felt pain,
And mine returns a cold disdain.
Unhappy Damon, thus to love,
What never was design'd above.

Since e'er I told him o'er and o'er,
I'd pledg'd my word and truth before,
And begg'd he would perplex no more,
His sighs were vain, more vain his pow'r.
Unhappy Damon thus to love,
What never was design'd above.

When you persuade the constant dove
To leave her mate, inconstant prove,
And thro' the desert woodlands rove,
Then I'll deceive the swain I love;
But ne'er till then will I agree
To quit my love, who loves like me.

SONG XXIX. Sung by Mr. Raworth, at
Marybone-Gardens.

The bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the sky,
To nurse the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such

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Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires,
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires !
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All families are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

S O N G XXX. Sung by Mr. Dearle, at
 Finch's Grotto-Gardens.

As Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
 Went forth to the meadows a maying,
 A clown lay asleep, by a river so deep,
 That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
 Her heart it was gone without warning,
 With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with
 dew,
 Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
 Her wishes too warm for disguising ;
 She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprise,
 And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

Such

She

She sung him a song, as he lean'd on his prong,
 And rested her arm on his shoulder,
 She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
 And taught his two arms to enfold her.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
 And call'd her his dear, and his blessing;
 Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and
 play'd,
 And what they did more, there's no guessing.

SONG XXXI. Sung by Mrs. Vincent, &c.
 at Marybone-Gardens.

Come, ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flocks, and quit your plains;
 Friends to country, friends to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport:
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Be it peace, or be it war,
 Both or either, I don't care;
 Pr'ythee, Colin, what have you,
 Or I, with peace or war to do?
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

All that rip'ning fun can bring,
 Beauty's summer, beauty's spring,
 In one varying scene we show,
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow,
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome every blooming guest.

Sprightly

gently widows, come away,
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay,
 Little gaudy fluttering misses,
 Smiling hopes of future blisses,
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry sprightly guest.

Comus jesting, music charming,
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming,
 Rage and party malice dies,
 Peace returns, and discord flies,
 Emblem of the joys above,
 All is rapture, all is love.

Chorus. Comus jesting, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

Young Sukey blythe and gay,
 Whom Roger oft had seen,
 He mournful sung his lay
 To this fair May-day queen :
 He long had sigh'd in vain,
 His passion to declare,
 Tho' Sukey knew his pain,
 She would not—Roger hear.

By chance she one day came
 To Roger's lonely walk,
 He bow'd unto the dame,
 And thus began to talk :
 Forgive a rustick swain,
 Whose passion is sincere,
 My heart is true, tho' plain,
 'Tis Sue must be my dear.

He

He gently squeez'd her hand,
 She glowing, trembling said,
 Oh! Roger, you command,
 Ah me! poor silly maid.
 What joy beyond expressing,
 United both their hearts,
 When pleasing pain possessing,
 Thrill thro' cemented parts.

S O N G XXXIII.

Thou'ft run awa, thou'ft run awa,
 Thou'ft run awa from me, Mary;
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay:
 You've cheated them and me, Mary.
 For to this day I never thought
 That aught could alter thee, Mary;
 For thou art mistress of my heart,
 Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 That stole that heart of thine, Mary,
 I doubt true love was not his end,
 Nor such a love as mine, Mary.
 I lov'd sincere, nor flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy views, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naithing such,
 No, I lov'd only you, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
 I'll still wish well to thee, Mary.
 May I forget, and friends forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 And now adieu, and rest assur'd,
 Since thou hast cheated me, Mary,
 For all thy sex I'll ne'er endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

S O N G

S O N G XXXIV. A favourite Song in the
R O M P.

Dear me, how I long to be marry'd,
And in my own coach to be carry'd :

Befide me to see,
How charming 'twill be !
My husband, and, may be,
A sweet little baby,
As pretty as he.
Already I hear
Its tongue in my ear :
Papa ! papa !
Mama ! mama !
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Oh, gracious ! what calling,
What stamping, what bawling,
When first I am miss'd by the clan !
Miss Molly will chatter,
Old Square-toes will clatter ;
But catch me again if they can.

S O N G XXXV.

How happy the soldier that lives on his pay,
He spends half a crown out of sixpence a day ;
He fears neither constable, bailiff, nor dun,
But pays all his debts with the roll of the drum.

He cares not a button howe'er the world goes,
The king sends him money, a barrack, and cloaths ;
He laughs away sorrow whenever it come,
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.

N

The

The drum is his pleasure, his joy and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;
 No girl can hear it, tho' ever so grum,
 But takes up her trotters to follow the drum.

SONG XXXVI. The Kiss. Sung by
 Signor Fedela at Ranelagh.

One kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
 Tho' you severed, my fond heart,
 Till we meet, shall pant for you.
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, weep not so, my love;
 Let me kiss that falling tear:
 Tho' my body must remove,
 All my soul must still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
 Every wish shall pant for you:
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

SONG XXXVII. Sung by Miss Frederick
 at Ranelagh.

In this shady blest retreat
 I've been wishing for my dear,
 I've been wishing for my dear;
 Hark! I hear, hark! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near.
 Hark! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near,
 Tell the lovely charmer,
 The lovely charmer near,
 Tell the lovely charmer near,
 Tell the lovely charmer near.

'Tis

'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
 True to love's appointed hour ;
 Joy and peace now smile again,
 Love, I own thy mighty pow'r.
 In this shady blest retreat
 I've been wishing for my dear,
 I've been wishing for my dear ;
 Hark ! I hear, hark ! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near.
 In this shady blest retreat
 I've been wishing for my dear ;
 Hark ! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near,
 The lovely charmer,
 The lovely charmer near,
 The lovely charmer,
 The lovely charmer near.

S O N G XXXVIII. Sheep in clusters.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close to the grove,
 To hide from the rigours of day,
 And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove,
 Amongst the fresh violets lay.
 A youngling, it seems, had been stol'n from its dam,
 'Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at the critical spot, &c.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the sweet maid with surprize ;
 Ye gods ! if so killing, he cry'd, when she sleeps,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes.
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll onwards, my lambkins to trace :
 In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love had him nail'd to the place.

Hush'd, hush'd be these birds, what a chirping they
keep,

He cry'd, you're too loud on the spray ;
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
asleep ?

You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
maid ?

Her cheek he mistakes for the rose.
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
Kind shepherd, she cry'd, you mistake,
I laid myself down but to rest me a while,
And, trust me, have long been awake.
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
And plac'd himself close by her side ;
He manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

S O N G XXXIX.

Bright dawns the day, with rosy face,
'That calls the hunters to the chase.

A I R.

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer ;
With enlivening sounds,
Encourage your hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.

Would

Would you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair ;
Hark, hark ! he's unharbour'd, they cry.
Then fleet o'er the plain
We gallop amain,
All, all is a transport of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
The welkin resounds
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care,
Pale grief, and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear :
Vexation and pain
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches, that lag in the rear.

Lo, the stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
Then eagerly seize on the prize ;
The welkin resounds
To the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns wind his knell—and he dies.

S O N G

S O N G X L.

The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 behold ;

The lark's early matins proclaim the new day,
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our
 delay.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
 vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court ;

Nor care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns thro' woodlands to
 roam,
And, when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
 can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

S O N G X L I.

When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain ;
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
 glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed :
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
 cries :
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants, till by well-scented hounds sur-
 rounded, he dies.

S O N G X L I I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The whistling ploughman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he shews us some play ;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
 Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em,
 my bloods,
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;
 What concert is equal to that of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
 His speed can no longer vail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G

SONG XLIII.

Let the grave, the gay,
 Enjoy life when they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass :
 Go the world well or ill,
 'Tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lie,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass ;
 All the joys are but vain
 That are blended with pain ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass ;
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class ;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis

'Tis friendship and wine
 Only life can refine ;
 We care not whate'er come to pass,
 With courts or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen ;
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

F I N I S.

